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PASSING EVENTS AND THE PROSPECT BEFORE US.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

IN taking a retrospect of the policy of nations, for a series of years past, we are forcibly struck with the evidences of a general disposition of a highly pacific character. After long and fierce contentions, attended with few benefits, but which were the cause of unnumbered afflictions and calamities, drenching the earth in blood and tears, the great object of which seemed to be to gratify the arrogance and insatiable ambition of a few blood-thirsty rulers and their profligate associates. Europe appears to have settled down in comparative tranquillity. The awful lesson which has been taught to mankind by that greatest of all scourges, the French revolution, has undoubtedly made a deep, and we would fain hope a lasting, impression. Wars undertaken for conquest, insure very few durable advantages, while they never fail to produce consequences the most destructive and blighting. They unhinge the whole moral force and structure of society; they derange all order, and strike at the root of every useful project. They defeat the noblest pursuits, debase the public mind, and carry in their train the proofs of inexpressible anguish, and wide-spread desolation.

The career of an ambitious tyrant is invariably marked by all the cruel ravages, degradation, and suffering, that can afflict a people. To satisfy ourselves in this respect, we need only bring to view the disastrous and desolating course of that baleful meteor, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. In his movements, he swept over Europe like a tempest of fire, consuming and blackening the fairest portions of the earth. His march was every where indicated by frightful exhibitions of blood and carnage, robbery and plunder. Nothing could check his grasping ambition, or restrain his aspiring spirit. For a while, surrounding nations stood aghast at the terror of his name, and even distant and peaceful America beheld his ominous shadow with symptoms of alarm. If this man was a mere instrument in the hands of a righteous Providence to bring retributive justice upon offending nations, then must their sins and abominations have increased to a fearful magnitude. Their offences must have reached the throne of heaven, and provoked summary vengeance; for it is doubtful whether, since the existence of the human family, another individual has been sent upon the earth, who

was the author of so many and such overwhelming misfortunes. In saying this, I wish not to be considered as attempting to derogate from his claim to greatness. The world, by unanimous assent, has conclusively settled this point. In one feature of character, he may be said to stand without a parallel; for no one can doubt that, as a warrior, or more properly a destroyer, he was preëminently great. Here was the pillar of his renown, and in this alone it consisted. If he awakened the admiration of mankind by his numerous conquests and extraordinary good fortune, he exhibited nothing calculated to beget and insure permanent esteem. He was, in the most unlimited degree, haughty, insolent, revengeful, and rapacious; but these qualities were sometimes made subservient to his ruling passion, *ambition*. When this man met with his final overthrow, a shout of joy was re-echoed throughout Europe. He fell suddenly from his perilous elevation, his star of glory was obscured, and he sunk ignobly in endless night, leaving behind him little of honorable fame, and still less for imitation. His devious path was so stained with blood, and made so utterly abhorrent and repulsive, by multiplied victims, and by deeds of complicated crimes and wickedness, that we turn with loathing from the contemplation of such a hideous spectacle.

Since the depopulating and desolating wars of Europe have ceased to occupy the attention, and waste the resources of the people, we find them moulding their views and concentrating their energies with fixed designs for the accomplishment of works of utility. Public and private means are wisely applied to the promotion of the arts and sciences; to the opening of those fountains of wealth and knowledge which serve to increase their enjoyments, and disseminate the light of truth. Hence it is found, that not merely in England, so famed for noble schemes, but with the continental governments, magnificent plans for improving and embellishing their respective dominions are in successful progress. The construction of rail-roads and canals, which are of such inestimable value, and which contribute so essentially to the general prosperity, are leading concerns among several of the continental powers, but more particularly with France. The example of such a rich and powerful kingdom must have a controlling and salutary influence among all others; for nothing begets imitation so quickly as example, whether it be for good or for evil. Wise and patriotic rulers will therefore make suggestions and bring forward projects which are at once feasible and useful; and where these are found to be pregnant with advantages to the great body of a community, it immediately touches those finer springs which call forth the latent energies, and set the whole machine in active motion. What adds greatly to the force of these considerations, is the interesting fact, that crowned heads and other dignitaries are found enlisted in the promotion of those schemes which are designed to extend the benefits of trade and intercourse, by opening new channels of communication; thereby increasing the riches of their subjects, and consequently fortifying the strength and extending the reputation of their kingdoms. The French monarch is said to be most assiduous in his efforts to promote these enlarged views, and is prompt to bestow patronage wherever the public welfare requires the aid of his power and influence. And since the restoration of general tranquillity,

and peace has spread her downy wings over those fair regions, a period of little more than twenty years, it has become the prevailing belief that manufactures and the arts have made greater advances, and been rewarded with results more extensively beneficial, than were realized in the preceding half century. Learning and the sciences have kept pace with the arts; and by these united means, France has risen to proud distinction and præminent rank among her continental neighbors.

But in turning our eye to England, we behold the evidences of enlightened views, of concentrated energies, and of matchless enterprise. Her statesmen, who comprehend the true economy and value of political ascendancy, have been long zealously employed in opening the most durable and fertilizing streams of wealth and distinction. She is marching with giant strides to unrivalled renown. Her projects are as vast as her national strength and resources are wonderful. Such are her combined means, and such her commanding influence, that she seems to move in an orbit which has gathered accumulated lustre, and enables her to spread before the nations a sheen of transcendent glory. In the united agency of agriculture, arts, manufactures, commerce, and naval force, with the aid of 'proud science,' she has made herself an object of admiration and wonder throughout the earth. Over all this, the light of revelation has cast its sacred mantle, while the whole structure rests on the substantial and unshaken pillars of a system of laws and jurisprudence, consecrated by long experience and profound wisdom, every part of which is maintained in its respective relation by the purest freedom. Of Great Britain it may with entire truth be said, that wherever she plants her standard, notwithstanding her many bloody conflicts, there civil liberty, with all its attendant blessings, strikes a deep and permanent root, which soon sends forth luxuriant branches, that bear perennial blossoms. Such are the rich fruits of that happy condition which has taken the place of exterminating and ruinous wars.

In addition to considerations so imposing and gratifying, a new era has suddenly opened upon us. We have been the happy witnesses of a successful experiment, that bids fair to bring about an entire change in the mode of intercourse between nations. Indeed, who can estimate the consequences of the great enterprise of traversing the Atlantic by steam? Who shall undertake to prescribe limits to the combined effects of the arts and sciences? Or what human mind can measure the stupendous results to which we may rationally presume this bold project will give birth? We are wrapt in amazement, as we contemplate the glorious theme, and extend our views to the consequences which are destined to spring out of it. Nor the least of these, will be that unrestrained and free intercourse between people whose residences are in remote countries and distant divisions of the earth. If we can cross the great Atlantic in fourteen or fifteen days, riding the mountain wave in perfect tranquillity and safety, no bounds can be set to the multiplied communications and interchanges that will constantly flow from such facilities and advantages. Nothing can tend more effectually to remove from the mind of travellers and from communities all lurking prejudices, and give expansion to their conceptions and feelings. Light and knowledge

will spread over the earth like the morning beams, and men will reap bountiful harvests from fruitful fields hitherto untrodden and unknown.

The surprising effects which have already been produced, through the agency of steam, are sufficient to bring home to every considerate mind the conviction, that a complete revolution will be effected, both in the operations of war, and the pursuits of peace. Warlike nations will construct steam batteries, not merely for harbor defence, but for distant expeditions. Their susceptibility of prompt movements and unerring certainty, will come powerfully in aid of such a design; for it is easy to see how soon, with a fleet of vessels of this description, a formidable military force could make a lodgment on the shore even of a distant country. Let us suppose a state of hostility between the United States and one of the great maritime powers of Europe. What would be our condition? Would not our whole southern frontier be exposed to the danger of sudden incursions? And would not France or England be ready at any moment for such an enterprise? While lying supinely ourselves, we should probably only be awakened from our sluggish dreams by the appearance of an enemy on our borders. And who does not comprehend the exposed and vulnerable condition of our southern country, and the strong temptation it would hold out to a proud and rapacious foe? Here would be the attack, and here could a hostile force easily get a foothold, and make an impression that might beget fatal consequences.

The prevalence of peace among nations, has paved the way to the introduction and rapid improvement of all those arts which minister so essentially as well to their regeneration as to their gratification. It has afforded them a breathing time, imparting to them new impulses, and inspiring them with fresh conceptions and renewed hopes of future happiness. So far as has depended on individual or local enterprise, America has partaken largely of this energetic and invigorating spirit. The national contributions, however, have been sparing. The nations of the old world will so far profit by the present condition of things, as to renew their wasted energies, and be prepared for any bold enterprise, by providing themselves with the most efficient and ample means. Sagacious statesmen never lose sight of favorable opportunities to fortify and strengthen their resources. And does not as well the voice of experience as of prudence, admonish us to adopt the like means, and make similar preparations? What right have we to look for an exemption from those misfortunes which have been the lot of all other nations? Is it not then the dictate of enlightened patriotism to make a prudent forecast, and by the use of precautionary measures, augment the vigor of the national arm? Why forego a period so inviting and auspicious, and by exhibiting confirmed weakness, provoke the ready aggression of some power who has listened to the suggestions of wiser counsels, and pursued a nobler and more liberal policy? The nation has been heretofore subjected to extreme humiliation, and immense losses, from its inability to meet emergencies which could not be foreseen, but which might have been successfully repelled, had proper means been seasonably provided. How desirable then is it, that we avoid that pernicious spirit of parsimony and petty economy, which is not less

the source of weakness than the parent of misfortune. Bitter experience has demonstrated it to be the worst species of economy that ever found advocates. Very little reflection would suffice to convince the people of this country, that they ought to place themselves in a position that should make them feel as conscious of their strength as they are proud of their freedom. Let us glance, for a moment, then, at the importance and necessity of enhancing our national strength.

With all the physical means required to produce the masculine proportions and strength of a giant, we seem indeed to exhibit but the shapeless stature and impotence of a dwarf. The public arm is completely unnerved, and our empty show of force has become the theme of jest and ridicule. It is a settled maxim, sanctified by truth and confirmed by history, that no nation can either maintain its rights or command the respect of others, whose weakness is such as to provoke insult, or invite aggression. 'There is a rank due to the United States,' says WASHINGTON, 'which will be withheld from the imputation of weakness.' It is not in the nature of things, that a people can preserve their independence and just rank, unless their means are not only adequate to their own protection, but sufficient to enforce an observance of those laws which are based on the principles of eternal justice. Hence the necessity of investing the supreme authority with that degree of vigor that shall operate as a continual shield, as well against the perpetration of wrong, as for the protection of right. The only mode in which these things are to be accomplished, is by increasing the military and naval force to an extent proportioned to the public exigencies and requirements.

As a people, we ought to bear in mind that we are now the second commercial power on the globe, and that in all probability, before the lapse of another generation, we shall be the first. The importance, therefore, of materially augmenting the means of naval warfare, would seem to be a self-evident position. A rich and expanding commerce calls for naval protection, not only as regards individual rights and property, but with a view to the safety of the revenue. And this duty becomes the more obvious and binding, when we take into consideration a line of sea-coast little short of two thousand miles in extent, with bays, harbors, and rivers, almost without number, and of the easiest imaginable access. And moreover, the long train of misfortunes, and the consequent anguish occasioned by hordes of pirates and freebooters, who but recently infested the West India seas, and were continually hovering on our coast, committing murders and depredations of a most revolting nature, ought to admonish us how we again open the door to similar outrages. In the destruction of nearly the whole of our naval strength, and in the introduction of the ridiculous gun-boat system, that memento of folly and stupidity, we behold the vivid picture of our shame and humiliation. We should learn wisdom, not less from the example of older nations, than from the effects of our own sore experience. From an early period, even until the present day, we have felt the evils which spring from an exposed and unguarded condition of our most valuable interests. With the exception of a few intervals, which were as fleeting as the causes that led to them, we have beheld a succession of fluctuations, pernicious, in the highest degree, to

the character, dignity, and prosperity of the country. Millions have been expended to no useful purpose. The noblest specimens of naval architecture ever produced by human ingenuity and skill, have been held up to the gaze of the nation, as if intended merely to flatter their pride and tickle their vanity. This seems to be a fair inference from the fact, that these same splendid models, instead of being fitted out and sent abroad to ride in proud majesty on their destined element, displaying our brilliant banner, and guarding our commerce in distant seas, were seen imperfectly housed under a loose covering, and partially imbedded in the mud, where they rested for a long series of years, until decay had nearly completed their ruin.

But leaving the theatre on which our resolute and hardy seamen have won unfading laurels, and turning our eye to those countless towns and cities which reflect their brilliancy over a boundless domain, teeming with golden harvests, and abounding in riches, what heart can refrain from exulting in the consciousness that we possess so fair an inheritance? Yet with means most abundant, and with irresistible energies, if but wisely directed, we have recently had our soil polluted by a band of foreign mercenaries; nay, our very capitol, the pride of our heart, and bearing the name of our august political father, was sacked, blown up, and destroyed by a mere handful of these same wretched mercenaries! And where shall we seek for the origin of this stinging reproach, this humiliating stain upon our bright escutcheon? I aver, without fear of contradiction, that by far the largest portion of the wrongs submitted to by the nation, both by sea and land, and they have been infinitely great, was occasioned by a want of seasonable precaution, arising from the dread of incurring a moderate degree of expense, which in the end would have proved to be the most prudent economy that could have been adopted. A retrospect of public transactions for forty years past, will abundantly illustrate the correctness of my position. Individuals may find it to their account, and may insure durable respect, by listening to the dictates of sound philosophy and pure morals. Nations must be governed, in a marked degree, by different motives. They must assume commanding attitudes; for they will insure respect and confidence, only in proportion to the measure of their strength.

From the dread of investing the national arm with the necessary vigor to maintain indisputable prerogatives, the government has placed its reliance on such restricted and diminished means, as almost to defeat the great end in view. Our standing force has been so limited in numbers as to be little more than an idle pageant. Had we possessed the requisite power, before the late resort to hostilities against Great Britain, who will not admit that it would have been attended with the most beneficial consequences? Who can doubt that it would have prevented the wasteful expenditure of an immense amount of blood and treasure? Who will deny, that it would have been the means of saving the lives of many thousands of valuable men, who were enticed from their families and private pursuits, to be sacrificed to very little purpose in the field? The painful fact must be fresh in the recollection of the great body of the people.

Not only should we have been exempt from these losses and privations, by a timely application of efficient means, but the conclusion necessarily follows, that signal advantages, with an honorable reputation attendant on our arms, would have been the sure consequence. There was no want of fortitude and bravery, for these qualities could not be exceeded; but there was great deficiency in unity of action and skill.

The whole transactions of the country, as shown in the history of the revolutionary struggle, as well as in the late one, furnish undeniable evidence of the fallacy of relying on militia, until they are well disciplined and inured to the dangers and habits of the field. But there is a wanton cruelty in calling from the bosom of society the most useful citizens, and exposing them to sudden destruction in open warfare. Nothing is more thoroughly confirmed by experience, than that troops can only become effective by means of long practice. War is an art that can only be learned, like any other business, by unremitting study and faithful drilling. But in all countries there are men enough who are willing to resort to it for support, and who give it a preference over every other calling. And let it be borne in mind, that they are generally of that class who are habitually idle, and not unfrequently vicious. By taking such men from the sounder ranks of society, we withdraw from it those whose example is often bad, and whose industry contributes very little to the health and increase of the body politic. And beside, do not such men always expect maintenance and protection, whether at home or abroad? Is it less expensive to the community to maintain them in private families, than it would be in the field? These are considerations which address themselves to every reflecting mind, and yet they are too generally overlooked.

But without special reference to the conflicts with Great Britain, in which our losses and sufferings on land were most severe, arising wholly from the want of a competent and well prepared force, let us direct our attention to the contests with the fearless and wily sons of the forest. Here we find repeated and overwhelming proofs of our utter inefficiency. The frontier settlements, in many instances, have been frightfully ravaged, and subjected to murders and desolations of a most appalling character. Not only were helpless adventurers the victims of savage fury, and their improvements laid waste, but multitudes of noble hearted militia, who generously volunteered their aid from distant districts, have fallen martyrs in fierce conflicts with desperate savages, leaving hosts of sorrowing widows and fatherless children, the surviving witnesses of a most pernicious system.

Among many cases that might be cited, to sustain my position, I will instance only two. One is of recent date; the other, with all its grim and forbidding aspects of slaughter and rapine, has long been, and still continues to be, the cause of inexpressible anguish to thousands, and of deep regret and mortification to the whole nation. My first allusion is to the war with Black Hawk, and the other, of course, to that of Florida. In the history of Indian warfare, it is perhaps difficult to point to an instance which has been the source of so many and such sore afflictions as this. And what adds poignancy to the reflection, is the notorious fact, that very little of military glory

attaches to any of the operations, in any single campaign; nothing beyond the assurances of a manly spirit of patriotism and determined bravery. Little, indeed, has been gained; but the sacrifice of several thousand lives, at an expense of many millions, betrays very glaring defects in the incipient stages, as well as in the prosecution of the war.

Military officers of acknowledged merit, and statesmen of distinguished abilities, have admitted, that a single regiment of regular troops, with the requisite equipments, stationed either at Galena, or at any other advantageous position, would have awed the savage tribes into subjection, and prevented all the calamitous effects of the war with Black Hawk. But our weakness was so manifest, and effectual resistance so improbable, that the bloody savage was prompted to mount the deadly rifle and tomahawk, and accordingly bounded forth with a fierce spirit, and a fixed determination to deck himself with those trophies which are obtained by the reeking scalp of the white man, and to load himself with plunder. The result of the contest was the overthrow of the savages; but not without prodigious loss and destruction on both sides. It has been a very general belief, by those who are deemed competent judges, that if fifteen hundred good troops had been seasonably divided between Tallahassee and St. Augustine, the Florida Indians would never have presumed on a resort to hostilities. But they were encouraged in settled and confirmed resistance, when they found how feeble and contemptible were the detachments sent against them, both in point of numbers and means. This is a melancholy subject on which to dwell; and when we review its distressing consequences, and call to recollection the noble spirits whose blood has been profusely poured out, and whose bones are left to whiten on the desert sands, the thoughtful mind becomes deeply agitated, and the susceptible heart smitten with sorrow.

Before quitting the subject, let me again advert to that object of terror, a standing army. If, under the first pure and enlightened administration, when our numbers were few, and with most inadequate means, an army of five or six thousand men was deemed small, then surely no reasonable man could suppose that twenty-five thousand would be too strong a force to meet the present requirements. Our position may be somewhat illustrated, by referring to Great Britain. Her standing force, as I am advised, consists of not less than one hundred and ten thousand men. Of this number, fifteen or twenty thousand only are retained at home; the rest are disposed of in distant possessions. Now I would ask, notwithstanding this formidable array of military power, do the inhabitants of Great Britain feel the slightest dread of a standing army? Are any people on earth more free or better protected? Does the light of heaven shine on a country where man is more safe, more exempt from danger and insult, or where wrongs are more promptly redressed? The inference, then, seems fair, that those who are for ever striking this ungracious chord, have no chord in their own breast that vibrates to the touch of honor, sympathy, or justice.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

‘LIFE that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, ‘Welcome, friend.’

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

I.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

II.

Life is real — life is earnest —
And the grave is not its goal :
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

III.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destin'd end or way ;
But to *act*, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

IV.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

V.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

VI.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act — act in the glorious Present !
Heart within, and God o'er head !

VII.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

VIII.

Footsteps, that, perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

IX.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

L.

RURAL TALES AND SKETCHES OF LONG ISLAND.

NUMBER ONE.

THE KUSHOW PROPERTY: A TALE OF CROW-HILL.

EVERY one has become acquainted, either by reading or tradition, with the GREAT SOUTH SEA BUBBLE, so appropriately named, which at one time attracted the attention of the English people, swelled into enormous size, exhibited for a while the most illusory shapes, and gorgeous colors, then vanished in the twinkling of an eye. How many had occasion to remember that magnificent scheme, whose hopes, and fortunes, and airy castles, were mirrored in the beautiful bubble when it burst! How many look back to it as the source of their poverty, who had else been basking in the sunshine of fortune, or rolling in hereditary wealth. Alas! did not the simple 'love simplicity,' and despise every warning of history, the Great South Sea Scheme, with its vast ruin, had been useful to all posterity. But men do not grow wiser as the world grows older, nor are the reproofs of one age remembered by another. The simpletons of this generation are succeeded by fools in the next, and by raving madmen in the third. One bold, one wicked, one disastrous scheme, becomes a challenge to another more bold, more wicked, and more disastrous still. Egyptian-like, we harden our necks, and sport upon the brink of ruin. To behold one madman is distressing; what, when mania extends itself like a contagious disease?

THE GREAT LAND SPECULATION is just exploded. Perhaps more have perished by it than by the sea. It is not for us to state the causes which prompted this dangerous spirit, or whence the unusual facilities to indulge in it to excess. Politicians may quarrel about its origin — it is impossible to mistake its effects. Those who were not blind, foresaw them; the marvel is, that they had not sooner arrived. But the crash came; tardily, yet certainly. It was tremendous. It involved every one, high and low, rich and poor. Instead of a bloated prosperity, we beheld want; instead of a healthy vitality, collapse; instead of the promptings of hope, the lamentings of despair. The arm of industry was paralyzed, the grass grew green in the marts of commerce, and every fountain of prosperity was dried up.

The mania began within narrow limits with a few; it extended every where to the many. All classes became smitten with a sudden, criminal passion of being rich. They borrowed moneys, and speculated wildly in lands. They thought no more of the gradual accumulation of wealth by labor, but would escape the curse imposed on Adam. A fortune must now be made in a day. The merchant forsook his regular and sure traffic, for that which promised more than all his argosies could bring him. The husbandman gave up his field to barrenness, and leaving his plough-share in the furrow, turned aback. The schoolmaster neglected to sow the seeds of knowledge, and looked out for a soil which would yield him a more profitable crop. The very children were smitten with a precocious lust of gold, and the old were aroused from the repose of their age, to hazard their little all, acquired by constant sacrifice and toil. It

was difficult to find any one innocent or untouched. Even the ministers of God became unwittingly engrossed in the game. They meditated schemes of personal aggrandizement, and returned to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. And they dreamed not why it was that religion languished, and why men grovelled on earth, and refused to lift their eyes to heaven. The progress of the thing was still onward, and thousands, trusting in the imaginary value of their lands, launched forth into luxury absolutely startling. New men burst from their obscurity, like mushrooms of a night, in all the pomp and circumstance of wealth. Republican simplicity began to be discarded. They consulted books of heraldry; they affected equipage, and coats of arms, and massive plate, and sumptuous living. They pampered their bodies, entertained their friends, cheated their debtors. Splendid mansions arose as if by magic. Lawns, and gravelled-walks, and flower-gardens, and embellished grounds, delighted the eye, and gave the appearance of substance. Villages enlarged their borders, and aspired to the rank of cities; wide avenues intersected the country in all directions, and the wiseacres, with pupils dilated with amazement, exclaimed, 'What a change!' It seemed as if the bubble never would burst. It went on expanding, and expanding, while the palaces and perspective scenes revealed on its surface, stood forth with the distinctness of a solid reality. Avarice cast its far-seeing eye on the prairies; towns on a magnificent scale were founded in the far, far west; the dismal swamps of the south were exposed at auction in our cities, and there was not enough cultivated land for bread.

No true lover of God and his country, who remained untouched by the prevailing spirit, could look upon its progress without fear and trembling. Its moral effect was to enslave the souls already too devoted to riches; to stifle all the virtuous affections; to give nothing in exchange for love; to banish from circulation the pure gold of our natures, producing in the end a stoppage of payment, and bankruptcy of the heart.

But there was another light in which one could not but regard the preposterous schemes of those who made haste to be rich. They were not only culpable, they were ridiculous. And he who would heartily deplore them in the extent, would be disposed to laugh at them in the detail.

During this remarkable phasis of the public mind, Long-Island, in common with other places, was attacked with the rage for speculation. At first, her sturdy farmers, separated like the Britons from the whole world, and little apt to be swayed by popular influences, bade fair to sleep through the revolution. They were too much engrossed in their honest pursuits, to give it any particular attention; and when all the world beside were running mad, retained their sober senses. They drove their long 'arks,' or market-wagons, filled with baaing calves, and bleating sheep, and headless poultry, on a snail's pace to the city, and never had they disposed of their 'truck' at more satisfactory prices. They certainly had 'no reason to complain,' nor did they dream, at first, of parting with the soil which yielded them such rich abundance. But at last, to such a pitch did things arrive, that they could no longer shut their minds to

conviction. They became sensible that a great revolution was going on; that a 'tide had set' in the affairs of men, which, 'taken at the flood,' would 'lead to fortune.' Then they woke up, rubbed their eyes, looked round in amazement, and exclaimed, that the sun had risen, that they must be up, and doing,' and 'make hay while the sun shone.' Rumors reached them, and a confirmation of rumors, that their former friends and neighbors, who possessed more enterprise than they, had dashed boldly forth, and were now placed handsomely above the reach of the world. Hardly an effort seemed to be required; and 'if a man would not lift his little finger to make a fortune, he deserved to be poor all the days of his life.' And now commenced the same eager haste, and scrambling for riches; the same dismembering of estates, and the same partitioning of lands. The plough was laid aside; husbandry was neglected, and the spirit of speculation arose and breathed over the tranquil life of the island, disturbing its waters, as the moon influences the beating pulses of the sea. Men were changed in their natures, and became lunatic. The slothful exhibited a distempered energy; the poor now abhorred their poverty, and the rich were not satisfied with their wealth. The benevolent had nothing to spare, and the miser's hand, which had grown stiff and rigid in holding, was relaxed to grasp at more, while the deep and corrupting waters of his wealth rose and throbbed with a tide which threatened to break their barriers.

First of all, the little bustling city of Brooklyn caught the infection. This was not to be wondered at, situated as she is with respect to the commercial metropolis, the great centre of life, and heart of the country. The sand-banks and hills in her suburbs were cut down, meadows and mill-ponds filled up, lamp-posts were planted far into the country, and paving-stones concealed the soil so lately covered with verdure. The nurseries and kitchen-gardens in that vicinity, the flower-beds and green-houses, whence so many sweet *bouquets* were culled for the maidens of Gotham, were all laid waste, and every foot of land was in request, from the Wallabout to Gowanus.* Then the Dutch farmers of New-Utrecht, Flat-Lands, and the Narrows, became possessed, and cut the most 'fantastic tricks before high heaven,' selling their hereditary estates and implements of husbandry, so that could their sires have risen from the grave, they would have broken their very pipes with astonishment.

Three miles beyond the suburbs of Brooklyn, there is a piece of ground which was a few years since completely covered with rocks and briars. So unpromising was its aspect, that human industry had never attempted to redeem it. Before the times of speculation, a Frenchman came there, and bought the whole of this wild spot, and no one could conjecture his object. He might have been one of that class of his countrymen who are sometimes met with in retired places, driven from home by domestic troubles, or broken fortunes, who live in obscurity, and retain some scanty elegancies of life. For while other men, crushed or broken-hearted, prefer to lie down and die in

* THE Dutch settled the south end of Long Island, and some of them, called Walloons, fixed themselves about Brooklyn; and it is said, from them comes the name of Wallabout, where the Navy Yard now is.

their own land, the sanguine Frenchman goes cheerfully into banishment, bearing with him an 'invincible armada' of choicest spirits, buoyed perpetually above misfortune, a model of contentment to the world.

It is easy to find Frenchman in our cities who have known better days, fulfilling some very humble occupation with an undaunted gayety, laughing, and dancing, and setting melancholy at defiance ; while in the agricultural districts, the more advanced in age may be seen tilling the soil, or nurturing the grape, and laboring contentedly until the end of their days. Such an one purchased, and did not despair of, this miserable spot. He shattered the rocks to pieces, and digging pits, some he sank deep into the earth, others he carried far away, and with the rest constructed a high and substantial wall. And he enriched the soil, and planted trees and shrubbery, and laid out the whole in a garden. Never did human industry achieve a more certain victory, or the 'stony ground' repay more generously for culture. So admirably was it arranged, that instead of a few, you would have thought there were many acres. He disposed of it according to his own peculiar taste ; not with an apparent, stiff design, but with an agreeable, graceful negligence, causing every part of it to be intersected with meandering walks, imitating nature, and artfully concealing art. It was like some wild place in the God-made country, where the hand of man has not intruded ; where nature pursues her own course, and the birds sing their own songs, and the water-brooks rush in their own channels, and every new turn reveals some sudden charm, and unexpected beauty. The wood-bines and sweet-briars rambled wherever they willed ; the parasitic plants were trained as with a gentle government, and the roses, like children escaped from control, sprang up every where smiling. And there were bowers, and rustic seats, and ponds of golden fish. The Frenchman had a wife and daughter. Charming ! It was pleasant to go out of the crowded town, and walk abroad with these 'pardonnez mōis,' so kind, so amorous, and so entertaining ; plucking for you the plants with generous haste, and telling you their names botanical. But a company came there, and bought the garden for money, and levelled the stone walls, and tore down the green-houses, and rooted up all the trees, and produced a worse confusion than when the place was covered with rocks. And the old Frenchman died, and the wife and charming daughter retired to another seat, the very image of the first. It was full of grapes — a little vineyard of Engedi. And there they lived, and they called it *Chartreuse*, and much good may it do them. But what of those who committed sacrilege for lucre ? Did they satisfy the cravings of their greedy souls ? No. They met with their just deserts, and so it will be with all those who turn a smiling garden into a howling wilderness.

A few miles from this place, in the heart of the country, the speculators have founded a magnificent city, fondly cherishing the hope that in some future time the richer classes would bring thither 'their arms and their chariots,'

'Samo posthabita,'

preferring it even to New-York. They laid out four-and-twenty

avenues, called after all the States of the Union. They addressed a circular, couched in handsome terms, to all classes of citizens in the metropolis. They invited the artizan, the mechanic, and the manufacturer, who could there pursue their arts more easily, and be free from the exorbitant rents and charges of the town; and the man of leisure, for the site was unequalled for country-seats, and the air came pure and fresh from the bay. Indeed, there was no interest crushed or languishing in the city, which would not be promoted in East New-York. The enterprising founders, to give an impulse to 'improvements,' built a tavern; I should have called it a hotel. They got a post-office established, which will be a great convenience to the future population. It yielded four-and-sixpence during the last quarter, and should letters become more abundant, will, in time to come, return an important revenue to the general government. With respect to this place, there is every thing to hope for; the water is good, the avenues are wide and beautiful, and nothing is wanting but houses and inhabitants to make East New-York a very great town.

The speculating spirit at last invaded all the ancient towns and villages on the island. Flatbush and Nyack, Newtown and Hell-Gate; Head-o'-the-Fly and White Pot, the Alley and the Bowerie, Black Stump and Buttermilk Hollow; Flushing, noted for its Princely gardens, and the rural Jamaica, abounding in beautiful maidens, and the sandy Rockaway, and the barren Springfield; Great Plains and Little Plains; Bog Lots and Drowned Meadows; Cedar Swamp and Crab Meadow; Hempsted, occasionally called Clam-Town, Mosquitoe Cove, now called Glen Cove,* Success

* I INCLINE to think there is much, very much in a name; and have heard it most ingeniously denied that 'a rose by any other name' would smell so sweet. The Long-Islanders, for instance, have refused to admit this principle. The growth of their pleasant hamlets, whose original Indian appellatives have been changed for such barbarous ones as the abovementioned, has been, in consequence, very much retarded. For although Mosquitoe Cove is a 'rose of Sharon' among villages, with such a name it could never 'smell sweet' in the nostrils of the age. That literary seedsman, Lawrie Todd, who lived for many years in his museum in Liberty-street, surrounded by tulip-beds and singing birds, and every thing else that looked, or smelled, or sounded sweetly, removed at last to Mosquitoe Cove, to spend a contented old age. There, amid

'Charms which Nature to her votary yields,'

he found ample scope for a correct taste, and was acknowledged by the inhabitants as a legislature and reformer. He changed the name of Mosquitoe Cove into Glen Cove, which was the beginning of a revolution in names all over the island. This we are sure will be attended with advantage; but the people of Cow-Bay are at present in a very bad box. Town meetings have been held to 'consider the propriety' of altering the name of that place, but there is too much 'halting betwixt two opinions.' Many wanted to call it Robinia, from a plenty of locust trees in those parts, but the multitude had a jealousy of a Mr. Robbins, and so after much disputing 'concluded' that the present name was 'about right,' and got Robinia into such bad odor, that nobody ever spoke of it without snuffing. What is now to be done is uncertain, but if they persist in their obstinacy, and 'seek no change,' and 'least of all such change' as Mr. Robbins would give them, the place will never be frequented by those contemplative persons who go 'a-angling.' I assure you, good people, that 'a rose by any other name' wont 'smell as sweet.' 'Good name' in man or woman, or in any thing else, is 'the immediate jewel of the soul.'

It is to be regretted, that the whole country will not follow the example of Long-Island, at least in this respect. We would blot out Homer, Virgil, Seneca, and Ovid, from the map, and all such names, but the immortal one of WASHINGTON. They are as little appropriate as that of the poor wretch of the Barebone brotherhood, who called himself Mesopotamia. Let the old Indian names be restored. They are, for the most part,

Pond, now called Lakeville,* Sand Hole and Hungry Harbor, Patchog and Sweet Hollow,† Jerusalem, Babylon, et Cow-neck, Mount Misery, Jericho, Buckram, Great Neck, Little Neck, and Horse Neck, Old Man's Fire Place, Shinnecock, Mattatuck and Letauket, Canoe Place, Speonk, and Good Ground, Poverty Hollow, Hard Scrabble, and Skunk's Manor, Stepping Stones,‡ Oyster Ponds, now called Orient, and so all along shore down to Ram Island, and Montauk Point.

What gave an additional impulse to speculation, was the construction of a rail-road, intended to pass through the island, a hundred and forty miles, to Greenport, making Long-Island a connecting link in the chain of communication between New-York and Boston. The consequence was, that lands 'riz' extravagantly along the whole line of the road. Those who would have given their own without price, 'rather than not have the road come,' were now thrown into the

harmonious and beautiful. *Fiat Justitia.* Let this justice be awarded. To have exterminated a noble race from the whole land, and to have pursued their miserable remnants, too feeble to lift up the war-cry, with blood-hounds and extortion, is guilt enough for any people; but to banish their memory and their names, is the very 'crowning point' of our baseness.

* Success Pond is a handsome sheet of water, a mile in circumference, without outlet or inlet, and of a very great depth. If you are curious, or a lover of nature, a few hours may be spent there delightfully. On some pleasant afternoon in Summer, take a carriage at Jamaica, and having invited some ladies to accompany you in the excursion, you travel eastwardly a few miles over the Plains, then strike to the left into a hilly, picturesque country, passing by the mansion where Cobbet resided. When arrived at the pond, you find a good house, an obliging landlord, lines and tackling, and plenty of pickerel, perch, and sunfish, in the lake. Lounge about until the sun is pretty well down, admiring the place, then having unmoored one of the well-caulked boats, strike directly into the shadow of the opposite woods, to some such tune as 'Rise, gentle moon,' but pull your oars gently, and don't spatter the ladies. In one hour, you will take more fish than you know what to do with, and go away much gratified with Success Pond.

† This is what its name imports, a little 'Happy Valley,' scooped out by the hand of nature, and full of warm-hearted inhabitants.

‡ 'The Stepping Stones are rocks projecting from the Long-Island shore into the Sound, whose tops are bare at low water. An Indian origin is asserted for this name, and a tradition, heretofore repeated by the Suffolk county men to their neighbors of Connecticut, in retort for the jeer, that the eastern part of the island is so poor as to produce only meagre hills of Indian corn, and that being the chief food of the inhabitants, it was not uncommon in a calm time, to hear the samp mortars a-going quite across the Sound. Some years ago, it is said, the Evil Spirit set up a claim against the Indians to Connecticut, as his peculiar dominion, but they being already in possession, determined to hold their own. The surfaces of Connecticut and Long-Island were then the reverse of what they now are. Long-Island was covered with rocks, Connecticut was free from them. The Indians were sensible of what they had to dread from such an enemy, and betook themselves to a course not uncommon in times of difficulty or danger. They referred the case to the squaws, the mothers of the tribes, whose mediation, however, proved unavailing, and the parties, foreseeing there would be war, prepared for it as behooved them. The renowned arch-leader, a host in himself, took the field alone, and being an overmatch for the Indians, in skill and spirit, advanced first upon them. But they, receiving continual reinforcements, and keeping their corps entire; harassed him day and night, and compelled him to fall back. He retired, giving up the ground inch by inch, still presenting a front wherever an attack was threatened. He kept close to the Sound, to secure his flank on that side, and reaching Frog's Point, where the water becoming narrow, and the tide being out, and the rocks showing their heads, he availed himself of them, and stepping from one to another, effected his retreat to Long-Island. At first, he betook himself, sullen and silent, to Coram, in the middle of the island; but his nature did not permit him to be idle, and rage superadded, soon roused him, and administered the means of revenge. He collected all the rocks on the island in heaps at Cold Spring, and throwing them in different directions across the Sound into Connecticut, covered the surface of it with them, as we see it now. Whether he ever visited Connecticut again, is not known; but if so, it was in a borrowed form, and his stay short, for no state in the union can vie with her in an habitual, steady effort to keep the demon out.'

BENTON'S MEMOIR.

greatest perplexity, from not knowing when they had asked enough. Their eyes swelled out with greediness, and if their great demands were acceded to, they reproached themselves, because they might have got double, 'just as well as not.' Others who were ill satisfied, harassed the company by laying the most exemplary charges and damages. Never, in a public enterprise of this kind, did the nature of the route offer fewer obstacles, or the nature of men more. On the one hand, it required little trouble to make the 'rough places smooth,' or the 'crooked places straight;' on the other, avarice was heaping up impediments which were not to be got over, but removed. It was a proud day for landed proprietors, when the cars first passed over a part of the route. Every man who owned a cabbage garden, or an acre of ground, and those attracted by curiosity alone, were assembled at a convenient place on the Big Plains, a great multitude, waiting in breathless anxiety 'for the ingine to come along.' Then might have been seen a fair representation of nearly every part and corner of the island; the Hicksite Quaker, with placid countenance, reposing *subtegmine fagi*, under the shadow of a great brim; the inhabitants of Babylon, Hempsted, and the Plains; the wreckers and fishermen of the south side, and the cultivator of the fertile fields on the north. And there, too, stood the laborer, with hoe in hand, and the bonneted dames who had left their strawberry-patches, and little baskets, and the bright-eyed girls of Long-Island, with their tapering fingers and their sweet lips tinged with the berry. And they all stood unanimously stretching their necks in vain. Every shadow and fleeting cloud is mistaken for the train. At last, a positive fellow, shutting up one eye, and looking through his fingers with the other, swore that he saw 'the ingine a-coming.'

'Nay, friend, thou art mistaken,' replied a Hicksite. The positive fellow persisted.

'No, no, that ar n't it, that ar n't it,' rejoined a thick-set man, in a peremptory, nasal tone, which set the matter at rest. A half an hour passes away, and a sensation thrills through the crowd. The monster is descried, at first a speck, a cloud in the distance, then rapidly developing, with all its polished furniture, and brazen pipes, and long train; it approaches, it has swept by — a sublime sight, throwing up great volumes of smoke, and rumbling over the earth with the swiftness of a thunderbolt. You scarce look at it, when it is gone, and scarce gone, when out of sight, making your head whirl round. The cars are filled with *gratis* passengers, all anxious to make a trial of this new method of going ahead. What a strange contrast with those long, low stages of Patchogue, or Musquitoe Cove, which used to creep along mechanically over the turnpike, and through the toll-gates, the horses asleep, the drivers asleep, and the passengers all asleep. The rapid motion of the cars exhilarates like wine. Now they are borne over the level plain, and now through embankments which reverberate the roar of the steam; and now they rush through the whole extent of a forest, and emerge as from the cooling shadow of a cloud. So rapidly are the scenes shifted from the sight, and the landscape goes round as if on a pivot.

It is impossible to conceive the effect of the engine on the animals of the Big Plains. Grazing year after year in an habitual quietude,

and lulled into sleepiness by the distant rumbling of the surge, they knew not what to make of the terrible course of this living, moving, fire-breathing machine. The meek-eyed horses, worn out with old age and the plough, who stood hanging their long, straight necks over the rails, with a forlorn expression of countenance, or breathing in long-drawn sighs over the grass, threw off at least a dozen years of their age, and became colts again. Their eyes blazed like fire, they curved in their necks, pricked up their ears, looked on for a few seconds attentively, then snorting and rearing up, dashed into the fields, as if they had heard a trumpet of war. But the cows lost their senses altogether. In vain the bell rang, and the whistle whistled. They crouched down on their hind legs, awkwardly tumbling around in a circle, in a vain attempt to rise, or throwing out their long tails, with a vast muscular energy, stupidly galloped over the track, cracking their shins as they went, and turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. The spectators were not less astonished than the beasts. They could liken the whole scene to nothing else but hell. They saw the flames blazing, and heard the chains a-clanking, and the beast a-roaring, and some of them swore that they could smell the brimstone.

Should this great public work, which has for the present faltered and stopped in the middle of the plains, be carried to a completion, in more prosperous times, the eastern and central parts of Long-Island will undergo such a change as they have not known since the days of the Puritans. As it is, some of the ancient men, who remain fast anchored to their prejudices, deplore the existing bias of the public mind, and tremble for the result. They prophesy evil things, and perhaps with some foundation. Alas! the time is at hand, when no man shall call his hereditary bounds his own; when his lawns shall be cut and severed by iron rails, and the very recesses of retirement be made to echo with the noises of Pandemonium. The time is at hand, when every pleasant nook and corner, locked in the bosom of nature, shall be open to the intrusion of the world; when native simplicity shall yield apace to heartless fashion, and every hamlet become the resort of cockneys, and there shall be no such thing as solitude on earth. Shade of Zimmerman, defend us from that day!

Having indulged in these preliminary remarks, intended to illustrate the temper of the public mind on Long-Island, I shall beg leave to introduce the subject of the following sketch.

ROBERT KUSHOW, familiarly called 'Bob Kushow,' inherited from his paternal uncle, Simeon Kushow, a man very much respected in the parts where he lived, a piece of land, situated on the borders of a great marsh, near Crow-Hill, Long-Island. This was a rough, irregular patch, of about eight acres, up hill and down hill, a part of it desperately submerged in water, or covered with bogs, stumps, and cranberry-bushes. Almost any one would have despaired of such an intractable spot, and indeed have thought it not worth having; but Bob, who was of a raw, bony, wiry make, and 'tough as a pine knot,' looked upon it as a great windfall, and no sooner came into possession, than he began to clear and improve the 'estate.' He dug dikes and ditches, to let off the water, rooted up the stumps, ploughed the uplands, and put the whole in good fence. He set about this difficult work with an unremitting industry, tugging from morning till night,

and his 'Gee-who-a-buck!' might be distinctly heard from Crow-Hill to the turnpike. Nor did he labor in vain, or spend his strength for nought. In the second year, he obtained an ample maintenance for his family, and not one of the old farms in the neighborhood put on a more flourishing aspect. The brush-wood lay neatly piled in faggots, and the stones which were strewed about the place, in as much profusion as if they had fallen in a shower from heaven, were heaped together on a large rock. The soil which lay at the bottom of the marsh served very well to enrich the land, and when the season of harvest came, his golden crops waved luxuriantly on the hill side. These were protected by numerous scare-crows from marauders. In one place might be seen a wind-mill, on a diminutive scale, in another his old breeches, stuffed with straw, and the arms of his old coat, extended oratorically at right angles. Crow-Hill had in former days received its name from being a sort of rendezvous for carrion-birds. But now they durst not so much as pick up a grain of corn, but hung high in air, shrieking 'Caw! caw! caw!' and sheered off to the neighboring corn-fields. Now and then, Bob picked off some of the ring-leaders with his long rifle, and hung them up on a high pole, as an additional terror. Were all land-holders as strict as he, these long-lived birds would be starved out of the whole land. As his means increased, he erected barns and granaries, and a cider-press for crushing some very vicious apples, which grew upon the place. In short, he had about him all the paraphernalia of the long-established farm-house. Ducks and geese, with their numerous broods, waddled down the green bank to a fine pond which he had reserved for them, and plumped one by one into the water. Cocks crowed in his barn-yard, pigeons cooed under the eaves of his barn, and a nest of martins were provided with a mansion, having doors, windows, and a chimney.

The garden, which contained a pig-stye at the lower end, was somewhat precipitous, but the well-weeded beds produced an abundance of vegetables in their proper seasons. Nor was there a lack of delicate fruits. There were currant-bushes, a strawberry-bed, and some choice peach-trees, the whole protected by a sharp, nervous, choleric little dog, who shrieked out if you did but look at him. The little mansion, of one story, clap-boarded, and cheerfully white-washed, completed the account of all this comfort and crowned the very summit of the Crow-Hill. The prospect from thence was picturesque and charming, being the highest of those peaks which shoot up at intervals from that range of hills, called the 'Backbone' of the island. In one direction, through an opening in the woods, you overlook the Sound, the fertile shores of West-Chester, and the Highlands of New-Jersey, stretching far, far away in the blue outline; in another, the land slopes away gently into a champaign country, grazed by a thousand herds, dotted with villages, farm-houses, and ambitious mansions—a wide prospect, whose horizon is terminated by the boundless blue ocean, studded with innumerable sails. Take a more accurate, telescopic glance, and you behold the intervening bays and meadows, the small boats winding through tortuous creeks, the great Pavilion on the sea-shore, the white glistening sands, and the porpoises bobbing their noses from the brine, and revelling in

the 'honey of sea-love delight.' In short, this is a very pretty, perfect landscape, deserving a more finished pencil than mine. It is capable of soothing, if not of elevating the mind, and of inspiring the Beautiful, if not the Sublime. It has in it all the ingredients which a painter or a poet would fancy, for there is just a sufficiency of hill and of valley; of wood, orchard, and green field; of cultivated land, and barren plain; of village, and country-seat, and hamlet; of clear, unbounded sky, and of distant ocean, to create the most agreeable *tout ensemble* in the world.

As Bob Kushow, with folded arms, sometimes contemplated this scene, on a brilliant summer evening, when the labors of the day were quite completed, and the sun's golden disc just rested on the edge of the sky, rustic as he was, his heart swelled with emotion. When the tumults of the day insensibly subsided into those hushed murmurs which betoken its decline, into the lowing of herds, as they wound up the defiles of the hills, and the drowsy tinklings of bells, you might distinctly hear the chafing of the surf. But the place was not wanting in a variety of sounds. The mosquitoes, wheeling in circlets, kept up a continual serenade; the watch-dogs bayed in the distance, and ten thousand bull-frogs, in the surrounding marshes, croaked in their ancient nightly song:

Brekekekex koax koax,
Brekekekex koax koax.

If you entered the house, all things were correspondingly pleasant. It was well 'worth your while' to look at the internal arrangements; for, to the lover of peculiar neatness, there is something in the appearance of homely furniture, and well-scrubbed floors, sprinkled with the white sand of the sea-shore, more grateful to the eye than luxurious couches, or than the richest carpets of Turkey. The true secret of Robert Kushow's prosperity lay in having for his wife as 'nice' a woman as ever a man was blessed with. Her domestic creed was comprised in that old maxim, 'a stitch in time saves nine.' She encouraged her husband when he might have desponded, 'held up his hands,' and while he labored diligently without, she was not wanting in the affairs of the household. She kept the family together, gathering up the fragments, not wasting his substance, delighting in apparel, or puffed up with an unseemly pride. Her children were 'a great credit to her,' and were never seen to go in rags. If they did not always look 'as tidy as they might,' it was rather owing to their mischievous habits, than to any want of care. She laid hold of them, in spite of twisting and squirming, at least a dozen times a day, and wiped their faces with a wet cloth. But they did not stay clean, for 'boys are boys,' and there was some consolation in the thought, that 'the dirt made them grow.' They were hale, rugged urchins, six in number, rising above each other like a regular flight of steps. Their hair was as white as the driven snow; they had faces freckled all over, and their eyes were twinkling with deviltry, and black as a coal. They spent their time in swinging on the cedar bushes, throwing stones at the birds, plunging up to their knees after mud-turtles, or building 'housen' in the sand.

Bob Kushow had a boat well caulked at Bayside, and when more

important business did not call him, taking two of his boys, one to pull at the oar, and the other to direct the helm, he went a-fishing, or spent a day very profitably in taking those large, chicken-white, and delicious clams, growing in the northern waters of the island, which the epicurean palate knows how to value, and which are as much better than clams that grow elsewhere, as the Lucrine oysters were than those of Baiæ. Ask any alderman of the council, with respect to their qualities, and he will tell you that they are choicely good.

Thus blessed with wife, children, property, and the means of subsistence, what more was wanting to fill up the cup of his happiness? Before that happy bequest, for which he never ceased to bless the memory of his paternal uncle, he had been but a day-laborer, having no settled habitation, and doing drudgery for others. Since then, he had sat under his own vine and fig-tree. There is a charm in possessing something which we can call our own, be it ever so paltry in the eyes of others; be it only a diminutive plot of ground, the few acres and well-spring mentioned by the poet, or the miserable dwelling of a poor man. The landholder on a small scale feels a complacency not surpassed by the owner of tens of thousands, whose gilded chariot, full of himself, rolls over the embellished grounds of his villa. He experiences a grateful sense of equality, and indulges in a pardonable pride. For he may be ranked with the latter in the same class, be dignified with the same title, perform the same functions, pay a tax to the same government, and be protected in the same rights. He is a good citizen and an honest man, for he has something palpable to lose. At the same time, while performing rightly the functions of a landholder, he is building up a more stable character, and improving the virtuous qualities of the heart. The affections never move in more undeviating harmony, than when they revolve around the centre of a home. Who that could avoid it, would possess his unconverted wealth, or rove like Harold, homeless, having an affection for no one spot, and attached by no bond or tenure to his country's soil? To return at night-fall to one's own hearth, to sleep under one's own roof, and to enjoy beneath it the protection of a sacred temple, these are dear consolations to the weary laborer, and enough to repay for the hard condition of life.

'Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
On his own ground.'

Eight years had passed since the marriage of Robert Kushow, and five since his entering upon 'the estate,' each successive year bringing with it an increase of prosperity. Crow-Hill bloomed more and more, and he was rapidly verging to that wealth and consideration to which honesty and industry infallibly lead, when all of a sudden he got 'a kink in his head,' which came nigh doing him an irreparable injury, and the effects of which I am now to describe.

One cold, blustering evening in the middle of the month of March, the ground yet covered with snow, and reduced to a disagreeable consistency by recent rain, Robin entered his dwelling. A hickory fire blazed upon the hearth, and cast its bright light against the polished utensils on the dresser.

'Cold!' said he, with a convulsive shudder, as he sank into a rush-bottomed chair, and struck his boots upon the hearth-stone, with a clank like iron. Then leaning forward upon his knees, he warmed his palms at a prudent distance from the flames, and drawing his breath between his teeth for a few minutes, until he became completely comfortable, sank into a profound reverie.

'Wife,' said he, at last, arousing himself with a sudden energy.

'What?'

'Do you remember Dirk Van Bokkelen?'

'Do I remember Dirk Van Bokkelen? Yes. Why do you ask that question?'

'He's rich.'

'Why, Robin, you surprise me!'

'It's as true as I sit here. A month ago, and he was not worth a dollar; and now he's rich. He owned a sand-bank in Gowanus, where nothing would grow, not so much as a radish. He sold it to Willoughby for seventy thousand dollars, and Willoughby sold it over his head again for a hundred and twenty thousand, and now the man that bought it won't take double that money. Poor Dirk has lost over a hundred thousand dollars by the bargain. He grows quite molancholy when he thinks of it.'

'Why, sure now! He has lost and gained both at the same time. Dirk's head will be crazed. What will he do with one half that sum? He can't spend it, and hasn't sense to keep it. But do tell! — where does all this news come from?'

'Oh! it's straight enough, I warrant you. I have it from Barriger, the butcher, who has just come from Bull's Head, bringing with him a couple of fat beeves.'

'Well, this puts me in mind of the old saying, 'Some folks are born with a silver spoon in their mouth.' Our spoon is pewter, Robin.'

'Don't know about that, wife: I'm a-thinkin' ——' Here he stopped short, and fixing his eyes on the coals, relapsed into reverie. Five minutes elapsed before she accosted him:

'What are you a-thinkin', Robin?'

'I am a-thinkin' that there is more ways to get a living than one, and that some folks may be rich as well as others.'

'Bless my soul! — you do n't mean to turn highwayman, do you?'

'No, no, no, — not I. You don't understand me, woman. Did Dirk make *his* money by highwaying? Hav'n't you heard of *spekellation*? It's a new way to get rich by. To reap without planting, and get your bread without sweating. Is n't that better than toilin' year in and out, and gettin' a bare livin' after all? Wife,' said he, with a solemn tone, as he approached the climax of his subject, 'I have concluded to part with Crow-Hill.'

At this announcement, the wife of his bosom suddenly dropped her knitting, bit her under lip, lifted up both hands, and stared at him in silent astonishment; but at last acquiescing: 'Well,' said she, 'we have hitherto lived contented, and contentment is a great virtue, Robin. I have, it is true, an affection for the hill, but there's no harm in trying our luck, and if *spekellation* be what you say it is, who knows but what it may be the making of us?'

'Ay, ay, why should n't it be? It's the making of hundreds now-a-days. I am getting tired of my slavish life. There are the rich, with more than they know what to do with; here am I, a poor man. The more I think of it, the more it do n't seem to be right, that one man should have so much more than another. But I'll try this new way before I'm a month older, I'm be goy-blamed if I do n't!'

Here the conversation dropped. But the next morning, bright and early, without saying a word to any one, what does he do, but get up his one-horse wagon, and drive post-haste, four miles to the village of Flushing. When he came back, in a few hours, his beast was 'in a perfect lather,' and somebody was with him. This was one who gloried in the imposing title of 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law,' a man very much known and distinguished throughout the county. He had for many years practised at the bar, and possessed many qualities essential to the profession. When he lifted up his voice in court, he roared like thunder, mingling heaven and earth together, and making up in wind what he wanted in argument. His style of speaking was such as to take the popular ear. He culled the noblest words, and most high-sounding expressions, and made a cheerful sacrifice of sense, if so be that he could wind up with a roaring cataract. When equity so much abounded on the island as to leave little foot-hold for law, he resorted to the respectable and lately very profitable calling of a surveyor of lands.

This stranger had not arrived three minutes at the place, before Mrs. Robert Kushow was informed of it, by a general irruption of the children into the kitchen, who came to say, 'that a great gentleman was a-walkin' with daddy.'

'My sakes alive!' said she, going hastily to the window, 'I guess Robin has sold the Hill.' And with that, drawing the curtain aside, she narrowly scrutinized their motions. At first they stood stock still, for about five minutes, on the top of the hill, as if to take a bird's-eye view of the premises. Then they walked round and round the house. Then they went down to the foot of the garden, and looked into the pig-stye. Thence they proceeded to the hollow by the duck-pond. Here they appeared to enter into animated conversation, and the surveyor began to saw the air with his right arm, as if he were indicating the probable direction of an avenue or street. Then, with long strides, he paced off the ground. 'I wonder what all this means,' thought she; 'Robin has got a kink in his head, that's certain.'

'A very pretty property,' said the surveyor, when he entered the house, a half an hour afterward, and at the same time he nodded his head frequently, and smiled in a complimentary way, 'a very pretty property, and we'll see what can be done with it. I am much engaged at present, and shall be for some time to come. I am at Salt Meadows, with all my hands, for two weeks, and then I am to lay out the little plains, and then the bog lots. After that I shall be at your service. A very pretty property, Sir, and as I said just now, we'll see what can be done with it.'

From that time, Robin looked steadily forward to the sale of his land, and directed all his movements accordingly. He forbore to

put any seed in the ground, which would be throwing away his labor upon others, and would not enhance the value of building lots at all. He disposed of some of his live stock, and the least valuable of his farming utensils, and what was worse than all, with a mercenary ingratitude, he sold his bay mare, now far gone in the vale of years, which had done him so much service, and carried so many bags of corn to the mill to be ground, to be ground up herself into bone manure. He scraped all the manure off the place, being wisely determined to make what he could of it, before he delivered it into other hands. This he was now ready to do at a moment's warning.

The surveyor came at the appointed time, bringing a couple of 'hands' with him, beside chains and apparatus, and set himself busily to work, having first ordered the children away, because they 'bothered' him. He disposed of the whole farm in the following manner. He divided it into two hundred lots, of all manner of shapes, oblong, triangular, and rhomboidal. These lay on either side of a great avenue, called Allegany Avenue, which commenced at the house, on the summit of the Crow-Hill, descended and crossed over the duck-pond, passed through and through the barn, and pursuing its uninterrupted course, came out at last in Hell-Fire Lane.* Robin had some objections to this route, and had a good deal rather that the avenue would 'kind o' edge round the barn, without smashin' right into it.' But the surveyor said it *must* go straight; that whoever bought the duck-pond, it was their look out, not his; that they could fill it up, or build a bridge over it, or do whatever they pleased with it. As for the barn, it could easily be turned round, and converted into a respectable two-story dwelling. The surveyor laid out the lots on a chart, in a 'first-rate style,' putting a beautiful arrow in the corner, to show the points of compass, laying down a scale of inches, and printing the title of the property in German Text characters, so that it did the eye good to look at it, and Mrs. Kushow could not but acknowledge that it was 'beautifully drawn.' Finally, he computed the value of the lots, and having put tens under tens, hundreds under hundreds, and thousands under thousands, 'Now,' says Bob, 'jist cast up, and see what it all comes to.' He did so, and wrought out the amazing result of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety, odd dollars.

* This is so called, from intersecting grounds which have been the occasion of 'never-ending, still-beginning' strifes betwixt two brothers, and the matter is not, nor ever likely to be, disposed of, to the satisfaction of the parties. This unnatural wrangling and litigation, and the bandying of unchristian epithets to which it has given rise, beside the looks of the place, are sufficient to justify the name, and to be an apology to 'ears polite.' For the thick-set hedge of furse and cedar, which skirts it on either side, matted and locked together, and interwoven over head, utterly refuses to let in the sun-beams, and the rugged lane is so full of sharp rocks and rude projecting briars, that a load of hay or a flock of sheep can with difficulty squeeze through, without leaving the greater part of themselves behind. The apples which hang over this lane are as red as fire, and sour as vinegar. The good taste of the surveyor suggested that the name of it be altered; not only for the sake of euphony, but for the better reasons, that it would ruin the speculation altogether; that they should burn their fingers, and that it was hard that a road which had persevered in a straight course through so many obstacles, should come out in Hell-Fire Lane after all. An ill name, however, deservedly acquired, cannot be shuffled off at any time for a new one, any more than a thief can christen himself an honest man at leisure. Hence this lane is called by the neighbors, and all who have occasion to speak of it, Hell-Fire Lane unto this day.

'Guy!' exclaimed the delighted owner, 'it come pretty nigh mountin' up to ten thousand !'

'I think it will be more likely to exceed that sum, Sir, when the lots come to be sold.'

'Well then, s'posin' we split the difference, and say, in rēound numbers, ten thousand ?'

'Very well, Sir, we 'll say ten thousand.'

'That,' continued Robin, 'is as fur as I dare go ; but lands is risin' all the time, and if this state of things goes on, before the day of sale comes, there is no tellin' how wallable them lots may become.'

'That 's all very true, Sir ; a very pretty property — a very pretty property.'

With the exception of a little flutter of the spirits, occasioned by several persons calling to look at the place, Robin now kept his mind as calm as he could, and patiently bided his time. But in order to leave 'no stone unturned,' one thing more, which suggested itself, was put into execution. He got hand-bills struck off at the printing-office, in the adjacent village, which he had pasted on every tree from Crow-Hill to Brooklyn on the one side, and from Crow-Hill to Jericho on the other. These were to the following effect, and headed in large characters :

'REAL ESTATE !

'A GREAT chance is now offered to capitalists for investment. On the tenth of June, will be sold at auction, at the Merchants' Exchange, New-York, the whole of that valuable property known as the Estate of Robert Kushow, Esq., of Crow-Hill, Long-Island. No pains nor expense have been spared in improving the premises, which possess a commanding prospect, and are admirably adapted to country seats. Such an opportunity rarely offers. Ten per cent. must be paid down on the day of sale. Lithographic maps may be had on application.

'N. B. Crow-Hill is only two and a half miles from the Rail-Road.'

Thus had Robin fairly committed himself, and engaged with his whole soul in that dangerous spirit, which having tardily visited the island, and almost spent itself, arrived last of all, to inspire new hopes and loftier expectations among the once contented inhabitants of Crow-Hill. Mrs. Kushow did not indeed possess the sanguine nature of her husband, but her mind had lost its balance, and she had not any more that tranquil spirit, which, rejoicing in food and raiment, has learned therewith to be content. What marvel is it that Robin, unaccustomed to reasoning, and imposed upon by the false appearance of things, should have been persuaded blindly to 'take his chance,' when the example of all around him went to promote the spirit of gambling ? Hundreds of reasonable men, whose first speculations had been founded on correct principles, and who then played, at least with judgment, had become infatuated, plunging lower into operations, which were essentially gaming, and with which reason had nothing to do. When the intelligent and educated permit themselves to be beguiled, it is easy to find an excuse for the ignorant and simple-hearted.

One evening, in the month of May, a little before sun-set, about three weeks before the appointed day of sale, Robin was negligently sitting, or rather reclining, on the sill of his door, in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe. The wife, in a clean cap, sat knitting in the entry, and the young Kushows lay flat upon their backs on the grass, kick-

ing up their bare legs in the air. The wicker gate gradually opened, and an aged man, with white locks, approached, leaning on the top of his staff. 'It is father Williams,' said Mrs. Kushow, and with a kind alacrity, ran to place a cushioned chair in the porch.

'Young folks think old folks fools,' began the patriarch, with difficulty, bending, and fetching a sigh in the interim, 'but old folks *know* young ones to be so;' and he immediately began to caution Robin against selling 'the estate.' He said that he had lived fifty years in the neighborhood of Black-Stump, and had not lived all that time for nought. That he had seen such 'carryings-on' before, and that the end of them all was — ruination. He did not say that Crow Hill might not be sold for ten thousand dollars, but he did say it would be the worst thing that could happen to its owner. For those whom Fortune favors with her golden smiles, are most likely, in the end, to be irretrievably ruined. He told him to 'let well enough alone;' that 'all was not gold that glistened,' and in many a homely adage and proverb, 'none the worse for wear,' went on to caution him. But it did not produce the good effect intended. His mind was 'made up.' The more he listened to reason, the more stiff-necked he became; and when he found no answer to argument, his mind took refuge in unalterable resolution. The old man gave up disputing with him, and told him to take his own way.

On the eve of the expected day of sale, Robin retired to bed at an early hour, but could not for a long time sleep, for thinking. He lay on his back, smiling in the dark, carried away with sweet anticipations. At last, nature could hold out no longer; his eyes grew heavy, and he slept. But it was a disturbed repose, not like the well-earned reward of toil. He muttered like a guilty man, threw his arms wildly about, started up, snorted abruptly, and nearly kicked his wife out of bed. In the midst of his slumbers, he had a dream. He dreamed that the trial was past, that the long agony was over, it was even as he had predicted, and he was rich. No more ploughing, no more sowing, no more earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He delivered the homestead to strangers, and turned his back upon the hill. He set out on a long journey to visit his parents. They were old and decrepid, and he wished to see them before they died. A year passed away, for in dreams time is nothing, and he returned to his old abode. He did not know the place. The spirit of change had been busy. A great town had sprung up. Instead of the voice of the bird, he heard the hum of men, and the rattling of wheels, instead of the croaking of bull-frogs. The duck-pond was become a beautiful lake, and the clap-boarded hovel a stately mansion, colonnaded, and with windows down to the floor, the future residence of Robert Kushow. He was revelling in the very clover of this dream, when he awoke.

It was morning, a beautiful morning. The unclouded sun was brilliantly rising, as if to give earnest of a bright and prosperous day. Robin sprang from his bed, threw up the sash, and looked out. The refreshing breath of the morning met him, and the sweet song and carol of the birds. He heard the dear familiar voice of the quail, distinctly aspirating from the distant fields, '*B.o..b Wh-ite! B.o..b Wh-ite!*' He plunged his whole head into a basin of water, dressed

himself expeditiously, and with the most buoyant spirits, hurried forth to attend to his necessary affairs, and to make his arrangements to go to the city. I shall record his subsequent adventures and successes, in another and concluding number.

THE HURON WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

'If a Huron woman dream *thrice* of her deceased husband, she believes that he requires her presence in the 'land of souls,' and immediately obeys the summons by a voluntary death, commonly putting a period to her existence by a dose of poison.'

OLD NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

We have met! — we have met! — I have seen him now,
With his stately step, and his lofty brow;
We have met in the beautiful 'land of dreams,'
And he rovd with me there by the still blue streams,
'Neath a brighter sun and a purer sky
Than hath ever yet beamed on my waking eye.

In the beautiful land of dreams we met,
And I heard his voice — I can hear it yet!
With its deep, rich, musical tones, that stole
Like a spell of enchantment, o'er my soul;
And how did my bounding heart rejoice
At the long-hush'd sound of my warrior's voice!

Farewell! fare ye well! I have heard his call —
Earth, sea, and bright sky! I must leave ye all;
No more shall I dwell in the hut of my sire,
Or move with the dance, round our council-fire;
I must leave the green earth, which methinks never wore
An aspect so fair in my fancy before.

And fare thee well, also, my warrior's son;
We are parting for ever, unconscious one;
Dost thou laugh my boy? — for the last time thou
Art clasp'd to a parent's bosom now;
Thou wilt sport on my grave at eve, nor know
That the heart which most loved thee, lies mould'ring below.

Thou hast tortures to bear, a proud fame to be won,
And the death of thy sire to avenge, like *his* son;
May thy name be the dread of our foeman's ear,
Son of a race that are strangers to fear!
But I shall not hear, with a mother's joy,
Of thy deeds on the war-path, my Huron boy!

And to thee, oh my sire! must another bring
Thy drink at eve from the crystal spring;
No more shall the hand of a daughter guide
Thy light canoe o'er the clear blue tide,
Nor again shall I join the choral throng,
When the deeds of my sire are the theme of song.

Farewell to thee, father! I know that thou,
'Neath the weight of years, art bending now;
Yet I go from thee, father! I must depart,
And childless I leave thee, all old as thou art!
Thine eyes must be clos'd by a stranger's hand,
When thou wingest thy way to the 'spirit land.'

And fare thee well, mother! I grieve for thee —
Lonely and sad will thy dwelling-place be;
Thou hast wept o'er the fall of thy valiant sons,
And I only am left of thy cherish'd ones!
Thy grief will be such as time softeneth not,
For the heart of a mother hath ne'er forgot!

Yet my smile at thy waking must cheer thee no more,
 Nor my song when thy daily toils are o'er;
 There is none, oh my mother! I leave thee none,
 To sooth thee in sorrow, when I am gone;
 But the summons hath come, and I must depart,
 Though unsolaced I leave thee to anguish of heart.

Yet lament not, my mother! our souls shall greet
 In that land where the dead and the living meet,
 Where the friends we have wept come around once more,
 With the smiles which their living features wore,
 Oft my spirit shall come, by the calm moonbeams,
 'To gladden thy soul in the 'land of dreams.'

But farewell! — for I hear the rejoicing sounds
 That come from the 'happy hunting-grounds';
 And the voice of my husband hath met mine ear,
 Yet I still am a faint-hearted lingerer here;
 Farewell! fare ye well! — I have heard his call —
 Son! mother! and sire! I must leave ye all!

Newport, (Rhode-Island,) July, 1838.

S. A. C.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ITS MORAL AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE ON AMERICA, AND THE WORLD AT LARGE.

BY J. R. TYSON, ESQ.

THE state of Europe, at the period of the American Revolution, is too well known to require elucidation. On the continent, despotism was personified in the sovereigns, and servitude in the people. Political writers declaimed about liberty in the abstract, but popular equality was not supposed to constitute a part of rational freedom. Religion, over all Europe, wore the frowning aspect of intolerance. That atrocity, known as the African slave-trade, received the countenance and favor of princes. Papal supremacy was sought to be perpetuated in Spain and Portugal, by the cruel tyranny of the Inquisition. The doctrines of jurisprudence were perplexed by the subtlety of feudal dialectics; and the very *forms* of legal proceeding, embarrassed by conflicting authorities, or confounded by opposing principles, were more intricate and complicated than the ultimate question to be decided. 'Wager of Battel,' that barbarous remnant of a barbarous age, famous at least as the parent of modern duelling, was permitted to deform the boasted system of English law. Europe presented, in her penal codes, a spectacle of cruelty, only equalled by the remorseless spirit in which they were administered.

Morality and virtue could scarcely flourish in a soil so unpropitious to their vegetation. France, during the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, presented the lowest condition of moral feeling which can characterize a nation at large. In the eloquent language of Sir James Mackintosh, a great part of that period was 'the consummation of whatever was afflicting and degrading in the history of the human race.' 'On the recollection of such scenes,' says he, 'I blush as a scholar for the prostitution of letters; as a man, I blush for the patience of humanity.'

But Europe had something to expect from a country upon which she had bestowed all the benignant influences of her genius, refinement, and knowledge. The world had something to hope from the recognition of a new principle, on a new theatre. It might naturally be expected that human nature, incited by more powerful motives of action, surrounded by new objects, and less shackled by the restraints and prejudices of older systems of society, would exhibit itself in more interesting and striking aspects than before. Let us then briefly examine how these expectations have been fulfilled, and what contribution has been made in payment of the debt, which, as a nation, we owe to the common cause of science and humanity.

The experiment of self-government, that is, the competency of man to govern himself, was the great problem which we solemnly engaged, in the eyes of all Europe and the world, to solve. We assumed this task in adopting a form of government which Montesquieu and other speculative philosophers had denounced as impracticable, in a large community. History presented no instance of success in a republic, and no example whatever, upon the basis of representation. In the democracies of Greece, the people were not numerous, and the territories were small. They assembled in a plain, and performed those acts of legislation, which, in larger and more populous districts, could only have been accomplished through the agency of representatives. The government of the United States, therefore, presents the example of a political structure, which in its extent and machinery, is wholly *new*. It is daring enough to challenge a prototype in the long history of ages. In an age of paganism or ignorance, without the aids of the press, and the enlightening influence of Christianity, such an effort would have proved more visionary than the Eutopia of Plato. But with these auxiliaries, happiness, prosperity, and enterprise, moral advancement and intellectual vigor, have been the results. It has quickened mind into action, in every department of life. It has given to it the wholesome direction of a more ardent pursuit after new and beneficial truths. It has turned the attention of the human mind from the busy idleness of a vain erudition, into channels more conducive to sound science, and the exaltation of the human race.

Let us mark the course of this principle, in its onward movement, and trace its diffusive and beautiful career in this country and abroad. Religious freedom was too intimately blended with political liberty, to be overlooked in the category of human rights. A free-born conscience demanded that religion should be purified from the taint of intolerance, and that no man should be excluded from office, nor rest under civil disability, on account of his religious belief. The principles of Coddington, Williams, Lord Baltimore, and Penn, were at once engrafted into the constitution of the government established at the revolution. They found in their adopted trunk a soil prepared for their reception. They sent forth their heaven-directed branches high into the air; offering to the bereaved and outcast sectary, of every creed, a shade and security from the heats of persecution. What but these have removed the legal burthens of the Jews in Maryland, and the Catholics in North Carolina? What but these were the means of proclaiming Catholic emancipation in Great Britain; and exciting in that kingdom the recent though unsucces-

ful attempt in behalf of the Jews? What but these have proclaimed religious freedom in the kingdom of Denmark, and the cantons of Switzerland? And what but these are sundering the fetters imposed by bigotry and superstition in other parts of Europe?

From the recognition of political and religious liberty, as the proper attribute of man, it might be inferred that the destruction of legal servitude would follow. But that burthen, which was imposed by Elizabeth, has not been removed in the age of Victoria. Though the acclaim of 'universal emancipation,' which burst from these shores, has resounded in the dull ears of despotic Austria, and penetrated to distant India, the anomaly of existing bondage is exhibited under the freest form of government, and amidst the contagion of the most liberal ideas, which prevail upon earth. Aside from other considerations, it offers to the philosophic mind a subject for reflection, under the weight of which Philosophy herself must stagger. It shows at least how hard it is, by the mere potency of an abstract doctrine, however aided by policy and humanity, to break down the prejudices which have been nursed by time, and strengthened by interest. Though the early and signal effort of colonial Pennsylvania to abolish the slave trade in 1712, and that of South Carolina in 1760, were frustrated by the cupidity of the British merchants, yet the effect of the great idea adopted at the revolution, was soon afterward felt. The slave trade was carried on in England with unexampled rapacity, and under the protecting guardianship of her laws, at a time when Pennsylvania abolished servitude itself. In surveying the progressive effects of the doctrines of the revolution, let it not be forgotten, that in eleven years after that epoch, was formed a memorable association, by whose benevolent instrumentality the African slave trade was uprooted in Great Britain. Notwithstanding the power of this combination, and the determined vigor by which it was animated — an union composed of the friends of freedom and humanity in America and Europe — it eluded their pursuit, and resisted their perseverance, for a period of twenty years! Such a truth conveys a mortifying but impressive lesson. How great must have been the tenacity of interest, how dull the insensibility of habit, to require a period of twenty years to abolish a traffic, which is now, by the united voice of civilized states, denounced as inhuman, and punished as piratical!

The natural aliment of that freedom which the national independence secured, is intelligence among the people. Knowledge is not merely the parent of liberty, but constituting an element of its nature, is as essential to its existence as the air is to animal life. The child of mental light, each new idea must impart to it nourishment and strength; and its growth must be in exact proportion to the inlets of science. If science be erroneous or impure, so must that essence be diseased or healthy, which depends upon it for vitality and nurture.

Perhaps no country can present a population more intelligent and informed than the United States. No longer confined to the professed scholar, or the cloistered clerk, knowledge is distributed over the community with the undistinguishing profusion of the breath of heaven:

'Her handmaid, Art, now all our wilds explores,
Traces our waves, and cultures all our shores.'

The sources of this mental cultivation may be found in the munificence of the public provisions for schools, and in the cheapness and multiplicity of newspapers and useful books. The common mind has thus been improved and enlarged, to an extent to which it is vain to seek a parallel in any other nation of the globe. Those curious topics of bootless inquiry which do not contribute to the practical benefit or moral exaltation of man, have employed but a superficial attention. The powers of America have been exerted in the formation of good citizens; in stimulating industry; in arresting the progress of vice and crime; in bringing into closer affinity places which nature had widely separated by distance; and in extending the boundaries of social and moral science. Let us leave to the dreaming fanaticism of French philosophy those sublimated visions of speculation, so fruitful of commotion, anarchy, and misrule. In the poetical language of Denham, may

‘Our streams of knowledge flow,
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.’

This general diffusion of knowledge, this propensity of America for what is subservient to a practical use, has had an important effect upon the mind of Europe. It has turned the attention of the learned from the pedantry of their pursuits to the ultimate end of science; it has incited inquiry among the people; led to the dissemination of books and periodicals, suited to the popular wants; and introduced a more just appreciation of the benefits of knowledge. These are effecting a change upon the intellectual face of Europe, which shall prepare it for those bolder reaches and higher ascensions, which the spirit of freedom and christianity cannot fail to inspire.

‘These shall restore the light by nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire from heaven.’

These are undermining the censorship of Spain and Italy; these have produced the fermentation which is so observable in the national minds of Austria and all Germany; and it is these which have had such wonderful effects upon the popular tendencies of England, Ireland, and France.

The government adopted at the national era, was founded upon the supposed virtue of man. This virtue was to be cultivated less by seminaries of learning, than the predominance of moral and religious feelings over the baser proclivities of human nature. The government implied a connection between morals and politics; an union of the philanthropist and statesman in the same person; a dominion of the higher impulses of the heart, and the purer results of the intellect, over the sensual and animal instincts. Hence we find associations of benevolent persons, with a view to guard against vice and crime, and to promote a higher standard of social morality. I do not here refer, singly, to any one of the objects which these associations have in view; but the *purpose* to which they have contributed, in the melioration and refinement of man. Every philanthropic effort that is made, every peaceful act that is done, for the regeneration of man, lifts him in the scale of improvement, and advances him to that state in which moral force shall triumph over that which is physical and animal.

'Mind, mind alone,
The living essence in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.'

The establishment of Peace and Bible Societies in this country, and the influence of associated effort against that vice which peoples the alms-house and the penitentiary, have not only purified the American atmosphere, but extended their multiplied blessings to the most barbaric shore of the eastern continent. The principles of the peace societies, though cœval with the rise of Quakerism, became more active at the revolution, and have diffused the mild benignity of their spirit into the counsels of every court in Europe. The Bible has unfolded its sublime doctrines, and kindled animating hopes, in regions hitherto unvisited by a gleam of gospel sunshine. In Jerusalem, amid the darkness of heathenism, infidelity and superstition, in the very heart of Palestine, the missionary of the western world teaches the simple doctrines of the Redeemer of mankind, and in those very spots which mark his nativity, miracles, and death. On the summit of the Himalaya mountains, which separate Hindoostan from Chinese Tartary, an American clergyman preaches the glad tidings of Christianity; hoping, with a noble but romantic enthusiasm, to redeem Asia from the sceptre of Paynim. In Greece, the former home of philosophy and song, the only schools of instruction are those of American missionaries. How refreshing and beautiful the thought, that after ages of ignorance, tyranny, and unbelief have blighted, as with a pestilence, those celebrated districts of the globe, those cherished spots, consecrated as the cradle of religion, of refinement, and liberty, it should be the task of the new world to renovate their decayed systems, and to reinfuse a portion of that vitality and vigor which it derived from themselves!—that it should thus give back to Palestine the Christian faith, in its original purity, and to Greece a knowledge, well husbanded and improved, which it received from her Platos and her Aristotles!

The idea once introduced of combining numbers in the promotion of a benevolent enterprise, was extended to a great variety of objects. In the wide circle of human action, which these bodies superintend, some have been devoted to the prevention of a particular vice, while others have assumed a higher attitude, in exposing the effects of erroneous legislation. It is thus that good citizenship is enlisted in the service of the state, by the Argus eyes which are distributed in the various departments.

The effect of these institutions has corresponded with their design, in elevating the standard of social rectitude. Society is thus purged of many of those vices that exist in communities, which are sustained by the hand of power. A republic wanting the chief element of its cohesion, would separate into fragments, or resolve itself into chaos.

Among the abuses which hoary error has handed down to us from the earliest ages, is the treatment of offenders against the laws of society. Since the epoch of the American revolution, our penal codes have been undergoing revision and amendment. The law no longer wears the visage of a blood-thirsty tyrant, who is impatient to visit upon each moral infirmity an ingenious and vindictive torture. In these mitigations, and above all in the adoption of an improved

theory of penitentiary discipline, Pennsylvania has been the great pioneer. The fame of her penal institutions has crossed the Atlantic. They have engaged the attention of the European legislatures, who are willing to be instructed by our discoveries, in the wide domain of penal philosophy. France, England, Lower Canada, and Prussia, have shown a commendable anxiety to avail themselves of the results of these labors. Their agents have visited these shores, not ministers to our government, but ambassadors to our people. They carry back with them a part of those returns which America, in becoming a nation, had pledged herself to make to the cause of human science.

But the agency of the revolutionary principle is discernible, not merely in laying deep and broad foundations of moral and intellectual superiority, but in imparting activity, enterprise, and energy to the human character. All the departments of life bear witness to its inspiring effect. It may be seen in the hum of the metropolis, where the instinct of busy life is visible in the stir and bustle of the jostling world. It may be seen on the river, the railway, the canal; the humble village, just rearing its aspiring head into a fancied importance, and in the solitude of rural life. These all pay homage to the principle of the revolution; they all display the effect of unfettered enterprise, and the consciousness of untrammelled freedom. Commerce has spread her sails in the remotest seas, and brought to our doors the luxuries of the most distant and opposite regions. The distant parts of a territory unexampled in extent, have been approximated by the locomotive engine and the steam-boat. Rivers presenting untoward impediments for the one, have been rendered navigable for hundreds of miles; for the other, mountains have been levelled, and valleys bade to rise, as if by the wand of an enchanter. Nature has been penetrated in her wildest recesses, and made to yield her hidden stores. The genius of Fulton could scarcely have foreseen the wonderful effects of his discovery, in ministering to our comforts, in tightening the bonds of human affinity, and knitting together, as one family, the various districts of the globe. It could scarcely have descried in the future, the navigation of the Atlantic and Pacific waters; the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean; nor the impelling power of steam over the trackless wilds of the Mississippi, and the sandy desert of Suez. Yet of these, some have been realized, and of the others, time will soon witness their accomplishment.

The success of a new order of sentiments in a new hemisphere; the correction of ancient traditional abuses; the rapid strides of science; its universal diffusion by means of the press; and the multiplied facilities of intercommunication; all announce a new era in the history of the world. The influence of these is seen in the altered condition of nearly the whole face of Europe. Calmness and repugnance to change, have been succeeded by a restless and innovating spirit. New ideas of knowledge, improvement, and right, have been awakened. These are teaching to absolutism the proper dignity of human nature; they are teaching the futility of transmitting office, and rank, and privilege, by descent, without relation to merit; they are teaching that the first right of man is to be *free*, and the first principle of freedom is political equality.

An observer of the events which have occurred on this continent

and in Europe, during the last sixty years, would ascribe to some cause the mighty effects which have been produced. He has seen the downfall of despotism in France, succeeded by a brutality of crime, and a fierceness of cruelty, which fill him with dismay. He has beheld that same France pass through many tribulations to an elective monarchy; and now exempt from domestic disquiet, sitting down in the enjoyment of security and peace. He has seen Greece and Belgium taking their rank as nations, under liberal forms of government. He has beheld the political agitations which have shaken the rest of Europe, in the contests for freedom. He has seen the time-honored institutions of venerable England made obedient to the spirit of the age, and the practice made conformable to the theory of her government. He has beheld, in the American hemisphere, a succession of republics, modelled upon the same principles with our own, rise into existence. He beholds, even now, others attempting to throw off the European yoke, and struggling for independence. Where will the inquirer look for the origin of these stupendous events? Where will he seek the springs of that impulse which has given to the human mind a velocity so increased, a tendency so upward? He will seek it in that potential influence which has opened the rich fountains of personal and civic virtue; which has vivified and expanded the principles of knowledge; which has quickened the spirit, by enlarging the means, of international commerce; in a word, he will seek it in the revolution of 1776. I cannot more beautifully portray the expansive influence which America is destined to exert in the moral regeneration of man, than by concluding in the glowing lines of her own BRYANT:

'Here the free spirit of mankind, at length
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
 Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long, untravell'd path of light,
 Into the depths of ages; we may trace
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
 'Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.'

'THERE IS ONE GOD.'

WHAT speaks the thunder, when its midnight cry
 Rolls through Heaven's vast and cloudy palaces!
 What writes the lightning on the ebon sky,
 When the fierce tempests, wrapt in sackcloth, rise
 From their huge cradles on the roaring seas!
 What shout the gaunt and time-defying trees,
 That toss right royally their arms on high,
 When from the hills the cold north-western gale
 Calls to the torrent in the misty vale,
 And the air rings with heaven's artillery!
 'THERE IS ONE GOD!' — to HIM they lift their prayer,
 He framed them temples, and they worship there —
 Storm, wind, and bowling thunder! Go, vain man,
 And think their mighty creed a false one, if you can!

Utica, August, 1838.

H. W. R.

THE DEFEAT OF KERBOGA.

A LAY OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

THE period to which the following poem relates, is the latter part of the eleventh century. The renowned leaders of the first crusade, with an army diminished more than half, in its disastrous march from Byzantium, had obtained possession of Antioch; but, with their usual improvidence, the Croises had wasted in festivity and excess the stores which had fallen into their hands. In this situation, they were besieged by KERBOGA, the Persian vizier, with the combined hosts of the Moslem world. The equipments of this immense army were on a scale of magnificence extraordinary even in the East; its numbers countless; and yet it was discomfited and utterly destroyed by comparatively a handful of half-starved Christians, animated by the religious enthusiasm which formed the grand feature of that chivalrous era, and the effects of which were sometimes almost miraculous.

BEFORE stern Antioch's stately towers,
Were camped the Orient's banded powers,
Beneath Kerboga's sway.
Where lodged the Emir and his train,
A silken city graced the plain;
Pavilion rich and gleaming mosque,
Flaunting bazaar and gay kiosk,
And sumptuous serai.
Broad avenues of living green
Wound the light rainbow walls between;
For on the pastures smooth and wide,
Through which Orontes pours his tide,
Gleamed up that bright array:
While backward from the gorgeous van,
Far as the keenest glance might scan,
The tented myriads lay.

Amid his bearded satraps throned,
His Emir's robe with rubies zoned,
The Persian banqueted:
Spoils of the forest, stream, and fold;
Burdened the trays of massy gold,
Foamed the sherbet in goblets rare,
While burning spices on the air
Voluptuous incense shed.
But little recked the fierce vizier
Of sparkling bowl or smoking cheer;
In thought, his arm was hurling death
Among the ranks of Nazareth,
And 'neath his scowling brow
The fire of vengeful triumph shone,
As if upon the cross o'erthrown
His foot were planted now.
And, if his spies had spoken sooth,
Well might such thoughts seem types of
truth;
Well might he trust, ere long, to see
The beacon of Mount Calvary
Before the crescent bow.

And how the while, in Antioch, fared
Th' enduring remnant fate had spared,
To garrison her walls?
As fares the grass a torrid sun
Glares with unshadowed brightness on,
While falls nor dew nor blessed rain,
Its withering fibres to sustain—
So they in Antioch's halls.
Some died by famine's lingering throe,
Some the black pestilence laid low,
And some, in pangs too fierce to bear,
Fell on their falchions in despair,
And died a death like Saul's.

Men fed upon the reptiles' brood,
The warrior slew his steed for food,
Some on the dead brake fast:
Yet though the strongest 'gan to fail,
Though scarce the knight could lift his
mail,
And hope was well nigh past,
The knightly spirit soared untamed,
No craven voice surrender named,
Waved the red cross, triumphant still,
The Christian clarion, wild and shrill,
Answered the Moslem blast!
And every champion vowed his doom
Should be, in Antioch's walls a tomb,
Or victory at last!

From what ignoble germs may shoot
The growth of honor and renown;
And men forget the noxious root,
Shaking the golden fruitage down.
'T was thus in Antioch; rescue, fame,
By fraud and superstition came,
And good grew out of ill.
The nobler chafed with inward scorn,
Yet felt that strength of falsehood born,
Might lead to glory still:
They saw the hands uplifted high,
They heard the wild fanatic cry,
That shook the air, when fraud revealed
The spear* by priestly craft concealed;
They knew 't was free from sacred blood,
They knew 't was Norman steel and wood,
And felt in spirit shamed;
Yet deemed 't were well assent to yield,
While blindly superstition sealed
What policy proclaimed.

'Tis dawn! Assyria's radiant dawn!
How Eden-like the scene appears,
As daylight, with a blush, is born,
And earth, that night had caused to mourn,
Looks smiling through her tears!
And now, his golden course to run;
From the red desert, bursts the sun;
A flood of crimson light is sent
Far up the cloudless orient;
Antioch's gray bastions catch the glow,
The Persian banners flash below,

* DURING the siege, it was pretended that the spot where the lance which pierced the Saviour's side was deposited, had been pointed out by St. Andrew, in a vision. It was of course found, according to the saintly direction.

And far o'er all the listed field,
From twinkling spear and flaming shield,
The blinding beams are flung :
The while Orontes in his fight,
Seems like a messenger of light,
Shining the groves among.

Why doth yon tower, like eagle's nest,
Built on the mountain's barren crest,
That banner dark display ?
That tower is Antioch's citadel,
And 'neath its walls impregnable
Are gathered all who 'scaped the fight,
When their strong city fell by night
To treachery a prey.

Yon signal streams aloft, to show
The Moslem myriads camped below,
That even now, the Latin foe
Are mustering for the fray.*

The gathering 's o'er; a marshalled band
Behind the northern rampart stand,
Sheathed in their shining gear.

There knighthood towers, with ample
plume,
O'er light-armed squire, and half-armed
groom;

There stalks the priest, with armed heel,
His white robes doffed for twisted steel ;
There, wrapped in many a costly fold,
Of brodered silk and cloth of gold,

Is borne the sacred spear :
High over all floats broad and free,
St. Peter's bannered blazonry.
What warrior draws his beaming blade
Beneath its apostolic shade ?

Count Hugh of Vermandois !

Around him stand a princely throng,
Raimond, Boëmond, Bouillon,
Tancred, Saint Paul, Bold Normandy,
Stars of a nightly galaxy,
The brightest earth e'er saw !

Stars, but alas how dimmed and pale !
Phantoms of heroes cased in mail :
And for the vassals, though each eye
Gleams with fanatic ecstasy,
How must those shadowy columns reel,
When on them, like a storm of steel,
The Arab horse break down !
They feel no dread — they know no doubt ;
Hark ! to their loud defying shout !
It drowns the distant Moslem drum :
'Dogs of Mahound, we come ! we come !
Before us is Jerusalem !

Above, the martyr's crown ?
The giant gates were backward cast,
But ere a foot the barriers past,
Ere yet the bugle's fateful breath
Sounded the signal trump of death,
Forth from the ranks Bouillon rode ;
Oh ! ne'er was warrior's heart bestowed

In more majestic form.
And though that form was wasted now,
Want, its high bearing could not bow,
Nor tame those orbs, so bright, yet deep,
Where, amid sunshine, seemed to sleep
The grandeur of the storm !

His broad chest heaved, and blazed his eye,
As from the star of victory

It caught reflected light,
As thus, while all the host was stilled,
In tones that every bosom thrilled,
He cheered them to the fight :

'Christians ! your title, the proudest on earth,
Here, where ye stand, had its glorious birth :
Forth then, and strike, for the home of your name,
Death to the dogs that your birth-right would claim !

'Nobles and knights, the keen swords ye unsheath,
Render ye up to no victor but Death ;
Live ye enwreathed, or, with glory illumed,
Die ye like warriors, spurred, harnessed, and plumed !

'Vassals, as warm runs the blood of the west
'Neath your jerkins of buff, as the Paladin's vest ;
Deeds may ennoble the meanest that live,
Deeds shall this day mete the honors we give !

'Smite, though your arms be less strong than of yore,
God, in the conflict, their might shall restore ;
Spears shall by Him be like thunderbolts driven,
Swords shall leap down like the lightning from heaven !

'Winds from the East spread our standard abroad,
Think ! they have swept o'er the city of God !
Blasphemous banners are fanned by their wing,
Shadowing the tomb of your Saviour and King !

'City and tomb shall be ours, and the way
Lies o'er the host ye shall conquer to-day ;
Forward ! and shout, above trumpet and drum,
Hosanna ! THE LION OF JUDAH IS COME !

*When Antioch was sacked by the Crusaders, a few soldiers of the Moslem garrison escaped to the citadel, which held out until the defeat of the beleaguering army under Kerboga. Notice of the attack was given in the manner described.

One mighty voice from all the crowd,
 Answers with plaudits long and loud,
 That warrior-like appeal.
 Then the long lines, in solemn march,
 Defile beneath the spacious arch,
 Are, for a moment, shadowed there,
 Then forth emerge in outer air,
 A stream of silk and steel!
 As Afric's serpent from its den,
 In the bright sun to coil again,
 Unwinds its skein of gold,
 So from those walls the columns sweep,
 To coil, to close — but not to sleep;
 No! rather for the fatal leap,
 They gather, fold on fold!

Yon bridge that spans the Orontes o'er,
 Sole passage, must be forced, before
 The hosts in battle close;
 And there all marshalled, sword in hand,
 Three thousand mounted Paynims stand,
 The Croises to oppose:
 Down the long slope from Antioch's moat,
 At speed, the Latin lances charge!
 The post is won! their steel has smote
 Through tempered helm and silk surcoat,
 Linked mail and painted target!
 The bridge is choked with Moslem dead,
 The stream beneath, in ripples red,
 Breaks on its velvet marge.

'Tis scarce a bow-shot from the stream
 To where the spears of Islam gleam:
 On, dreadful as the red siroc,
 Spurs that dense phalanx to the shock;
 One moment lasts the fearful race,
 One moment, and the bow-shot's space
 Is passed, as 'twere a span!
 'God for the Cross!' the Latins cry,
 'For Mahomet!' the foe reply;
 Spears meet, swords flash against the sky,
 And Europe's peerless chivalry
 Are on them, horse and man!
 There are a thousand lives the less;
 A thousand chargers, riderless,
 Leap from the Persian van!

Have ye not seen the waves divide,
 When some huge ship, a nation's pride,
 Was launched into the deep?
 So smitten, did that vast array
 To Christian valor yield a way;
 But, as the liquid hills rush back,
 Tumultuous, on the war-ship's track,
 Even so, upon the Latin rear,
 With bow, and scimeter, and spear,
 Recoiling thousands sweep!

At every blow Earl Godfrey deals,
 Dead, from his horse, a pagan reels;
 Buckler and casque alike are vain,
 Where Raimond's lance comes down
 amain;
 And where young Tancred's falchion
 cleaves,
 The fall'n lie thick as perished leaves
 In autumn's fading bower.
 'Tis vain! 'tis vain! where hundreds die,
 Fresh thousands still the loss supply;

And fight on fight the arrows crowd,
 Like snow-flakes from a northern cloud:
 Harmless they turn from knightly helms,
 But heaps on heaps, the half-armed
 Schelms

Fall 'neath the feathered shower.
 Wounded, o'erworn, by myriads pressed,
 Droop the bold warriors of the west:
 Weak fall their blows, and now the strife
 Is not for conquest, but for life.
 Weep! weep! unhappy Christendom,
 Weep! for Christ's unrecovered tomb,
 Weep! for thy knighthood's flower!

What means that shout? Again it swells!
 Surely of hope the clamor tells:
 Louder goes up the joyous sound,
 Its echoes thrill the mountains round;
 Hark to its burden wild!
 'The saints! the blessed saints are near,
 We saw them on the heights appear!
 Bend, bend the bow, and couch the spear,
 The saints from heaven have smiled!'

'T was but a mist-wreath in the blue,
 With the bright sunbeams streaming
 through,
 That thus the host deceived.
 To them the wavy vapor seemed
 The pure white robes of the redeemed;
 And what excited fancy dreamed,
 Faith, with glad tears, believed.

The blades, so feebly swayed of late,
 Are wielded now in giants' hands,
 And, like the very swords of fate,
 They cleave the Moslem band.
 The camp is won! — the Paynim host
 Yields, wavers, breaks — the day is lost;
 That mighty army, Islam's boast,
 Flies scattered o'er the sands!

'T is night! — and from 'the heavens
 aboon,'
 Looks calmly down the solemn moon,
 On what a solemn scene!
 For circling leagues her beams beneath,
 Is one vast crimson field of death!
 Where is the morning's green?
 Where is the river, pure and free,
 That swept along so brilliantly?
 What! is yon dull, discolored tide
 The stream the sunbeams beautified?
 Where is its morning shen?
 Where are the banners, gorgeous tents,
 And all war's glorious ornaments?
 The foeman's spoil I ween!
 Where are the MEN, the proud, the strong,
 Where is the mighty mail-clad throng,
 Noble as light e'er looked upon,
 That stood beneath the morning sun?
 Pale as their plumes, and cold they lie
 As their dew-silvered panoply!
 Earth's proudest, what is all their fame?
 Time flies, where is their very name?
 Men know not they have been!

New-York, August, 1838.

J. B.

A HOTEL DINNER.

FROM NOTES IN PENCIL, ON THE BACK OF A BILL OF FARE.

How startling is the sound of the dinner-gong! The tympanum suddenly recoils beneath the swell of the brazen instrument, and echoes the alarm to its fellow member of the lower house, of which Appetite is the speaker. In a large hotel, the effect is magical. What a rush from all quarters of the house to the dining-room! Chambers, offices, and closets, are hastily deserted by their occupants, that the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly may mingle at the *table-d'hôte*. Loungers in the street catch the sound with wonderful acuteness, and hasten homeward to the hotel. The boarder under the barber's hands frets at the practitioner's slowness, gets cut, while uttering a violent oath, starts up, looking daggers, and wiping the soap hastily from his half-shaved chin, seizes his hat, and rushes to the place of feed.

In one dense crowd, they pour in at the door; pushing and squeezing, jostling and swearing, as if life itself depended upon the celerity of their entrance. Dignity is nothing, decency is nothing. A choice seat at the table is every thing.

The twenty or thirty individuals who are already seated at the head of the board, and in the immediate vicinity of the choicest eatables, are 'old heads;' they have 'cut their eye teeth;' they are 'up to snuff;' or, to cut the classics, and descend to homely English, they know how to live in an American hotel; an accomplishment by no means to be lightly regarded. Every day, about half an hour before the dinner-hour, they station themselves near the door of the dining-room, and with a patience worthy of Job, await its opening. Barely does John, the waiter, have time to sound the gong, the notes of which I have said are so magical, before they dart by him, and the last vibration of the brazen monitor finds the men of brass seated at the table. Some unsophisticated persons may think this a contemptible subserviency to the appetite; if so, they do the worthies much injustice. Their motives are of a high order; an honor to themselves, and a great light to the world. Example is every thing. Punctuality is a jewel. WASHINGTON said so, and he was a man of veracity. The hour to dine, as specified in the rules and regulations, posted up in the 'office,' was three. Not one minute before nor after three, but three precisely. Some inconsiderate man may think that a minute or two out of the way could make no material difference. Do n't trust such an one with the conveyance of your wife and five small children to a steam-boat pier! Ten chances to one he misses the boat. 'Time is money,' and two minutes lost daily, is seven hundred and forty minutes per annum. At this rate, supposing a man to live seventy years—a fair computation when we consider the caoutchouc case of Joice Heth—thirty-five days, eleven hours, and four sixtieths, are wasted in a life time, by being two minutes behind hand at dinner! Shades of Washington, Franklin, and Dr. Alcott!—what a dissipation of money! It was of this that the men at the door ruminated. They wished, like Washington, to set

a good example, in being punctual. If, in virtuously striving to excel in such a cause, they tread on each other's corns, and tumble over each other's heels, making themselves appear excessively ridiculous, it is our business not to laugh at, but to condole with them, as martyrs who suffer for our sake. Many a gouty toe has been ground into torture, in its owner's generous emulation to be the first and most punctual at the dinner-table. What disinterested martyrdom!

The crowd have squeezed themselves into the room. Such a scrambling and jostling for seats! Spare the crockery. The din — from din comes dinner — redoubles. Such an outcry! Babel is music to it. 'Waiter!' 'Waiter!' 'John!' 'Waiter!' 'Thomas! Thomas!' 'Waiter!' 'John!' 'Thomas!' 'Soup!' 'Soup!' 'Soup!' were iterated in all octaves, from contralto to soprano. I was a 'looker-on in Vienna,' when the scenes which follow occurred, and I 'speak the things which I do know.'

'Give us a stout, hearty plate of soup, William!' said a short, crimson-faced man, with an abdominal periphery like a semi-globe. As he gave this order for a second plate of soup, he shoved into the waiter's hand, open to receive the plate of a gentleman who had as yet secured nothing, his own dish, and bade him make haste. Ignorant of 'dinner etiquette,' as Fanny Kemble styles it, a dozen of those around us had at once commenced on the solids; which of course made the rest work like beavers to finish their soup; and some of those at the end of the table, who, having but just received the initial liquid, were still sipping after their luckier friends at the favored head of the table had concluded, were admonished of the necessity of making haste, by the removal of their plates by the impatient waiters. Waiters are systematic. People should be more simultaneous in eating soup. A polite man swallows his, scalding hot, that he may keep pace with his more fortunate neighbor.

'Here! here! — you rascal, bring back my soup!' bawled out a man with a thin, vinegar aspect. His plate had suffered abduction. The waiter feigned not to hear. The wrinkles on the pungent face visibly sharpened. That look would have soured an entire dairy. In a voice thin and sharp as his features, he exclaimed: 'Here! here! you unmannerly Irish scape-goat! (ah! you hear at last, do you?) bring back my soup, instantly!'

'It 's ag'in' the rules, Sir-r; I can't do it, Sir-r! But here 's a beautiful arrangement!' replied the Irishman, passing a bill of fare.

'D — n you and your rules, and your bill of fare, in a mess! I want my soup, you Irish blackguard!'

'Can't do it, Sir-r; the rules must be obsarved. Can't give ye any more soup, Sir-r; the *mates* is on, Sir-r; them must be ate nixt; them 's the rule, Sir-r;' and the waiter ran to answer a call farther up the table.

The discomfitted man swore as terribly as if he had formed one of the celebrated army in Flanders. 'Pretty hotel, this! Excellent regulations! Polite servants! *Must* eat meat, must I? I'll see 'em hanged first! Here, you chowder-head, bring back my ——'

'Green peas, gen'lemen — green peas!' squeaked a bean-pole

waiter, with a nose like a sausage, and little twinkling eyes. A dozen hands grabbed convulsively at the dish. Green peas were a great rarity; a fact sufficiently evinced by the complacent air of the servant, as he announced them. A dish of gravy and a bottle of catsup were upset in the scuffle, much to the annoyance of the sour man, in whose lap a greater part of the first sought a *dépôt*. 'You have got your soup, I find, Sir!' said a wag, opposite, at which every body laughed, and one individual, at an untimely moment, when his mouth was full of Scotch ale, whereby a great gurgling and spluttering ensued, ending by a general spirt upon the 'fixins' of all who were near him; a most impartial division, for all received a portion. As soon as he could make himself heard above the discord, the person to whom the wag's remark had been addressed, answered, with much asperity, 'That's *Irish* wit, I s'pose; I hate Irish!'

'Peas, waiter!' 'Waiter, peas!' 'Peas! peas! peas!' exclaimed a hundred voices in a breath. Reasonable souls! They looked to be all helped at once!

'Pass those peas?' said a score of impatient voices to the gentleman with the crimson face, who in the scuffle had succeeded in securing the dish to himself.

'Ha, ha!' he spluttered, complacently, with his mouth half full of salmon, 'I hav'n't eat any of these 'ere for a long while!'

'They *look* very fine!' said the next but one adjoining, in a manner that implied a strong desire to ascertain whether they did not *taste* respectably.

'Very, *very*!' replied the fat man, as he scooped nine-tenths of all there were in the dish on to his own plate. Sundry eyes glanced pitchforks at him. They were evidently astonished. They should not have been. The gentleman came from a western pork-growing district. He fattened his own swine. 'I'm special fond of peas!' said he, half in enthusiasm at his own appetite, and half as a sort of an apology.

'Split me, if I should n't think so!' exclaimed the wag.

'Well, it's nothing strange!' snapped out Vinegar, taking the part of the obèse, and chuckling at the discomfiture of the others.

'*Some* people will eat, until, being unable to help themselves, we shall be compelled to lift them out of their seat!' exclaimed one of the disappointed, giving the fat man a look that was not to be misconstrued.

I looked about me for some peas, but saw none. As I was scrutinizing, my eyes encountered the rueful and bewildered face of a modest young man, with an empty plate. In all probability, he had never dined before in a hotel; at least, the diffident manner with which he received the inattention paid to his modest requests, seemed to say as much. A constant fear, too, lest he should not behave quite like the rest, appeared to haunt him; and the longer he was neglected, the more he appeared embarrassed. Poor fellow! He had not yet received a mouthful to eat. What a bore is modesty! Brass is, emphatically, an accomplishment. The young man looked very ridiculously for the lack of it; and I pitied him.

'Waiter!' said I, winking peculiarly to an Adonis with squint eyes, and a mouth like a codfish. He sprang to my side. The wink

had touched his feelings. I knew it would. A waiter's heart is open to a wink, when words are useless.

'Get me some peas, and fresh salmon, on a clean plate.'

The fellow's eyes concentrated into their deepest squint, as he looked inquiringly, first into my face, and then at the space between my thumb and fore-finger. Apparently not seeing there what he had expected, his sprightly, helpful manner died away very suddenly, and his answer, as he stared mechanically up the table, was unqualifiedly brief.

'Guess there ar' n't any here ; do n't see any.'

I pointed to my thumb and fore-finger. A quarter-dollar filled the space so lately vacant.

'Do you see any *now* ?'

The mouth opened wide, and assumed an amiable grin, and the eyes an extra squint, and for half a minute glanced scrutinizingly around the table.

'I think I does!' said he. His sight was completely restored.

'I thought you would,' said I, dropping the coin into his horny palm. What wonders the 'root of all evil' can accomplish! It makes the best vegetable pills in the world, and 'may be used with equally astonishing success in all climates.'

'Here! you squint-eyed rascal!' roared out Vinegar, who for the last ten minutes had been unceasingly cursing every servant within hearing, 'I saw you take that bribe! Bring me my soup, or I'll expose you. Pretty joke! Have to pay landlord exorbitant charge for dinner, and then pay, beside, a lubberly set of lanthorn-jawed waiters for helping you to it! I won't submit to such treatment, and those who will, are ninnies! I won't stand it. I'll make them change their tone. I'll publish the landlord. I'll blow his hotel to the devil. I'll—I'll—I'll have my soup! Here, you laughing hyena, with your teeth out of doors, bring me my soup!'

The disinterested servant brought me the peas and salmon, with great alacrity, and looked as if he would like to have the silver dose repeated, but I had no farther use for him, and stared coldly upon his enthusiasm. He was a philosopher, and a deeply-read student of human nature. He understood that cold look, as readily as he had done the wink, and, to adopt a western phrase, quickly 'absquatulated.' Helping myself to a portion of the viands which I had been so fortunate as to obtain, I passed the remainder to my modest neighbor. He appeared very grateful, but was too much embarrassed to thank me. Having helped himself to salmon, he was proceeding (leisurely, lest he should seem indecorous,) to take some peas, when the dish was unceremoniously seized, and carried to the obèse, who had bribed the waiter with a shilling to execute the manœuvre. Whereupon my modest friend looked very blank, and Vinegar took occasion to dilate sarcastically upon the expense of feeding pigs in the west; in which the fat man, unsophisticated, and seeing no allusion, coincided with fervor. He had swine to sell, and crying up the expense of fattening them, would tend to increase their value in the market. And here ensued a confab between the wag and the obèse, in which the latter was made the unwitting butt of a thousand and one small shafts, touching his professional and personal affinities.

'Clear the tables!' sang out the authoritative voice of one decked in a short white apron, who brandished, in a masterly manner, a huge carving-knife and fork. This was no less a personage than the head-waiter, or 'butler,' as he directed his fellow-servants to style him. He knew the responsibility of his situation, and filled it with great dignity. His own talents had raised him, step by step, from the comparatively low office of a knife-scourer and cook's errand-boy, to the high stand which, knife in hand, he now occupied. His history is an excellent illustration of the old maxim, that 'talent, like water, will find its level.' I could dwell upon the hopes and aspirations of the lowly knife-scourer; his surcharged bosom overflowing in the lonely watches of the night, as he plied his rag and 'rotten-stone;' his longings for the birth of porter; the attainment of his wish; his enthusiasm upon his first *début* with Day-and-Martin; his still craving ambition; in short, his whole rise and progress, and final attainment to that pinnacle of usefulness, the situation of head-waiter.

My modest neighbor, supposing that the last-named order was intended as an insinuation that the guests had ate enough, arose and walked off. Upon reaching the door, and turning round, he seemed to perceive his mistake, and that the order was but for the clearance of the meats, to make room for the pastry; but, ashamed to expose his ignorance of 'etiquette,' by returning to the table, he left the room, hoping, I doubt not, from the bottom of his soul, that those he had left behind him would ascribe his withdrawal to surfeit rather than ignorance. He probably adjourned to a neighboring eating-house, to appease his tantalized appetite.

'What pudding is this, waiter?' said a gentleman opposite.

'It's a *pud*-ding, Sir-r,' was the satisfactory reply.

'We know it's a pudding, but what *kind* of a pudding is it? Find out *what* pudding it is.'

'That's aisily done!' said he, as with the utmost *sang froid* he perforated the crust of the doubtful dish with his dirty thumb. 'Sure, gintlemen, it's a rice!'

'You ignorant ape! — do n't you know better than that? You ought to be lynched!'

'He would be, if he was in our parts!' said the fat gentleman, swallowing a glass of champagne, which he had taken, uninvited, from my bottle.

'Look here, cabbage-head!' said Vinegar, tweaking the offender's ear; 'bring me my soup!'

I left the table. It was my last hotel dinner.

FAITH AND HOPE.

'Mid total darkness, Hope herself
Is like the diamond dark;
But Faith, 'mid murkiest Erebus,
Emits her brightest spark:
A spark that Death's contrasted gloom
But with more light supplies,
As night's black pall, that hides the earth,
More clearly shows the skies.

SONNET.

'Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together.'

God! — the eternal torrents shout thy name,
 And the hoarse thunders, smothered in the cells
 Of the huge mountains; there thy presence dwells
 Through the gray centuries, for aye the same,
 Bathing the cloud-girt pinnacles of snow,
 That soar up through the cold blue atmosphere,
 And stirring where the tumbling cataracts rear
 Their billowy crests, and avalanches throw
 The awful thunder of their mighty creed,
 To thee, their fashioner; earth, air and sea,
 The piping winds, which through the sky do speed,
 And the rock-rending earthquakes worship THEE:
 But Man, of immortality the heir,
 Rears in his heart false shrines, and makes his homage there.

Utica, (N.Y.), July, 1838.

H. W. K.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

AGE SEVENTH.

'Last scene of all
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing.'

How poor and abject a creature man would be, were he not immortal! How aimless and futile all his wants, and struggles, and sufferings; all his joys, and hopes, and aspirations! Deprive us of our claim to another life, and we sink beneath the worm, in the scale of creation: and this is a claim founded no less upon a promise, than the nature of the soul itself. The bird, the fish, the very toad, have a duty, an office, an end, to answer, *commensurate to the scope of their powers.* All animated things, (and inanimate, too, but this does not belong to our argument,) minister, directly or indirectly, to the comfort and convenience of man; either forming links in the chain of existences that ends in his person, or immediately united to him by service of food, carriage, or clothing. They do not live to no purpose. Natural history is daily unfolding their purpose. Every day and year adds new proofs of the design and plan of the Almighty in his creation. From what we already know, it is fair to infer as much design in the forming of the minutest mote that quivers in the sun-beam, as in the universal principle of gravitation. Why should we pretend to divide the operations of God into important and unimportant? A world is to him the production of a will; and so is the smallest insect in creation. Who will pretend to say that things would go on as they now do, if the common house-fly were exterminated? Who knows how necessary to our health this troublesome little buzzer may be? Did you ever watch one? It wheels about in the upper air of our rooms, unless tempted by larger

booty upon the table, in interminable circles, like the swallow out of doors; tacks like the hound; evinces order, passion, and perseverance. What battles have we fought, when half asleep, with some old fly, who insisted upon feeding upon our nose!

The fly may seek the upper air of apartments because it is lighter, and is filled with impurities. The air above doors and windows is rarely removed by the common methods of ventilation; this is the fly's business. Do not kill flies!

It is said that during the first season, of the cholera, in one of our western cities, not a fly was to be seen. It is possible that they saw the evil was too great for their scavenger carts, and so departed to better-rewarded labors.

Some of our readers may not know, that there are animalculæ so small, that four millions of them make a mass no larger than a grain of sand: and yet these have all the machinery of life, digestive organs, and all the powers of locomotion, appetites, and passions, of larger creatures. Very small animalculæ, if kept in distilled water, grow lean and fierce; and, when changed into water not distilled, devour the prey there found with great eagerness, swallowing it whole and alive, for the latter have been seen to move in the intestines of their destroyers.*

The mechanic shows his skill and nicety, by forming little watches, or a steam-engine in a nut-shell; we look at these facts in creation, as specially wonderful, not recollecting that to God there is no great, no small, no difficult, no easy. They are here adduced to show, that there is a system, commencing with very minute living things, by which animals feed each other, up to man, who, in his better parts, feeds nothing. And allowing that man does feed the worm, and reptile, we are led in a circle. Now there is a connection in all things, but it is the union of a straight line, and not of a circle. We are nearer to God in our nature than the worm, or the 'lily of the field.' He clothes the lily, and feeds the worm, as he clothes and feeds us, but he has given us other desires than theirs, which he will equally satisfy.

If the life of some animals is short, so is their office small. The frame of a living thing seems proportional in duration, elegance, and strength, to the object of its life. The more perfect, according to our notions, the mechanism of a creature, the more important seems its operations. Some live but one summer; some only a day; many are born, grow old, and die, all in the space of an hour. Still how important, in the whole, may these brevitic existences be!

As far as our knowledge of nature extends, then, we say, that nothing is made in vain, or without an object adequate to its formation; that all things tend to some higher service than that of self. Man is the ultimum of this lower world, the link that binds the temporal to the eternal, as the vegetable unites the animal and mineral kingdoms. From man is made the angel, as the worm becomes the butterfly.† Creation is a chain, unbroken, not disunited; a long

* SPALLANZANI.

† For a more full view of this idea, we refer our readers to BARNES' Essay, prefixed to BUTLER'S Analogy; an essay rendered almost useless, by straining a noble thought,

succession of causes and effects ; each cause being in its turn both an effect and a cause.

And does man alone tend to nothing ? Shall every thing else have a satisfactory end, and man alone end the drama of life, by lying down in the cold ground, and being resolved to earth again ? Is it for this, he has suffered and toiled through life ? Is he endowed with acute sensitiveness to pain, and a susceptibility of deep joy, for this ? The better part of him finds no home here, in this life. How large are his powers ! How terrific his settled passion ; how devilish his hate ; how angelic his generosity ! What noble ambitions possess him ! What sacrifices will he *not* make for his friend, his country, his religion ! How gentle and divine his pity ; how deep his tears ; how despairing his sorrow and grief ! Why does he know the pleasures of friendship — the solace of Christ, when on earth — the excitement of intellectual intercourse, the refined enjoyments of society, the reciprocation of love, the sympathy of divine worship ? Are these the attributes of a temporal being ? If they are, then the better part of man has no object.

'Know ye not,' says the Apostle, 'that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you,' which cannot die. And hear Cicero : '*Nam corpus quidem quasi vas est, aut aliquod animi receptaculum.*' Avert not your eyes, kind reader, as I point you to new proofs. See the disappointed man, the ruined spendthrift, the murderer, the drunkard, the thief, the liar, the traitor. Imagine their feelings. They are men. You have *your* faults — you *know* you have. You cannot despise *them*. The very feeling that tells you you are their superior, in all points, convicts you of inferiority. Oh, pity not the poor, for labor sweetens rest ; pity not the sick, the lame, the blind, the mourning mother, the orphan child — pity not these, as you pity the wicked ! Vice is the accident of early education. Men are scattered like the seeds in the field of the world ; some fall in good ground, some in stony places, some in rank, weedy spots. Oh, pity the wicked ! They have still the power of reason, know what virtue is, and remember their early years, and the peace that goodness breathes around the heart ; peace like the serenity of early morning in the country. They stand with their immortal natures all soiled and polluted. The bitter taunt and neglect of the world keeps them in mind of what they are, and the soul talks to itself in language bitterer than human fiend can utter to another. 'Language,' says a benevolent and eloquent clergyman, 'implying scorn of our fellow beings, should not be used without extreme caution and discrimination, and without a feeling of evident pity and regret, that a being so nobly gifted, should so degrade himself. The meanest knave, the basest profligate, the reeling drunkard — what a picture does he present of a glorious nature in ruins ! Let a tear fall, as he passes. Let us blame and abhor, if we must, but let us reverence and pity still. What hopes are cast down ! what powers are wasted ! what means, what indefinite possibilities of improvement, are turned into gloomy

true, upon the whole, into the paltry object of accounting for a scheme of human theology, but which, nevertheless, contains valuable thoughts, ingenious reasonings, and rich language.

disappointment! What *is* the man, and what *might* he be! The very body, with its fine organization, with its wonderful workmanship, groans and sickens, when it is made the instrument of base indulgence! The spirit sighs, in its secret places, over its meanness, its treachery, and dishonor! There is a nobler mind, in the degraded body, that retires within itself, and will not *look* through the dimmed eye, and will not *shine* in the bloated and stolid countenance; there is a holier conscience, that will not strengthen the arm that is stretched out to defraud; but sometimes makes that arm tremble with its paralyzing touch, and sometimes shakes, as with thunder, the whole soul of the guilty transgressor.*

Take heart, poor sinner! thou weak brother of humanity! Be up and be a man; let not thy despair drive thee deeper still in guilt! Thou hast been sorely tried, but not for nothing. Not always shall it be so; not always shall thy body weigh down thy mind. Thou hast a soul, I know thou hast; I see it by thy tears; I hear it in thy groans. Suffer thou must. Thou hast voluntary sins to atone for, perhaps, by ages of repentance. Thou must *climb* to heaven, ever more hard to attain than any human eminence. Believe not thou shalt always sleep in death!

With these views and this belief, we read the history of the seventh and final age without disgust. This wasting and wearing out of the body seems the natural way of passing from this world to the next. It seems a beneficent order of Providence, to rob death of its terrors. Were our lives better, our passions and appetites under better control, there is little doubt but that men generally would die in this way. They would pass as the flowers fade, leaf by leaf; as the stars go out. This gradual decay is the course of all nature. There is nothing harsh and abrupt in the workings of God. If we outrage his rules, we suffer the penalty. The careless and too indulgent mother robs her child of life, and cuts her own heart; the sensualist, the inordinately ambitious, the schemer in diets and medicines, all pay the forfeit of their folly.†

We are losing the moral influences of the 'seventh age.' We rarely see it. Most corpses have teeth. Rare is the sight of a venerable old man. So obsolete has he become, that the dress peculiar to him is out of date, too. It is out of fashion, because there is nobody to

* REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

† 'His et talibus rationibus adductus, Socrates nec patronum quæsitivum ad iudicium capitis, nec iudicibus supplex fuit; adhibuitque liberam contumaciam, a magnitudine animi ductam, non a superbia. Et supremo vitæ die, de hoc ipso multa disseruit, et paucis ante diebus, cum facile posset educi e custodia, noluit; et cum pene in manum mortiferum illud teneret poculum, locutus ita est, ut non ad mortem trudi, verum in cælum videretur ascendere.

'Ita enim censebat itaque disseruit: 'Duas esse vias duplicesque cursus animorum a corpore excedentium. Nam qui se humanis vitiis contaminavissent, et se totos libidinis deditissent, quibus cæcati; vel domesticis vitiis atque flagitiis se inquinavissent; vel republica violanda fraudes inexpiabiles concepissent; iis *devium quoddam iter esse, sectusum a concilio deorum*. Qui autem se integros castosque servavissent; quibusque fuisset minima cum corporibus contagio, seseque ab his semper sevocassent; essentque in corporibus humanis vitam imitati deorum; *his ad illos a quibus essent profecti, reditum facilem patere*.' Itaque commemorat, ut cygni (qui non sine causa Apolloni dicati sint, sed quod ab eo divinationem habere videantur quâ providentes quid in morte boni sit,) cum cantu et voluptate moriantur; sic omnibus et bonis et doctis esse faciendum.'

CICERONIS TUSCULANÆ QUÆST.

wear it. Oh, for the age of old men! How few know they had grand-fathers, except by reading tomb-stones! Along with 'the infant in his nurse's arms,' and 'the school boy with his satchel,' along with the 'lover,' the 'soldier,' the 'justice,' and the age of retrospection, we would see the 'seventh age,' that 'second childishness,' in which nature prepares the body for dissolution — a passing without pain or regret. We should love to minister to its wants, to alleviate its pains; to smooth the pillow of the white-haired old man, and to dress those silver locks, which have an infant delicacy and softness; to place his chair in the comfortable nook, and adjust the footstool for his feeble limbs. It is when our fathers have passed into the seventh age, that we can repay them, in kind, for their care of our infancy. And it is a remarkable fact in natural history, that, by the course of nature, the parent never grows helpless, until the offspring has acquired strength sufficient to support its feebleness; a fact which teaches us our obligation to the old.

How well the old and young look, side by side! But the most pleasing picture of our relations, is to see an aged and infirm parent, once the strength and vigor of his fellows, leaning on the arm of his son, now in the prime of life, the full promise of his manhood, relying on the strength, confiding in the virtue, and trusting to the character, he himself helped to form, by instruction, counsel, and reproof; looking and feeling happy, and proud of his faithful parentage, and so rewarded for his stewardship. There are gratitude, good sense, good taste, and religion, in such a sight.

This chapter of Shakspeare's history is short; and, indeed, little but the bare fact ought to be stated. The life of the mind, for this world, was finished in the 'sixth age.' We close our readings, for the book is ended. Let *our* reader read and comment for himself. He will find much written in this 'history,' which we have not noticed. People must read the Bible and Shakspeare for themselves. They can no more read for each other, than they can walk, and sleep, and eat for each other. The same book may be a nourishment to one mind, and a poison to another. The same sentence may draw tears from the boxes, and huzzas from the pit. But all may store their minds from Shakspeare. He is a well from which all may fill their buckets, hold them more or less.

Preachers tell us we must read the Bible in a prayerful spirit; no more, say we, than any book. All must be read, not for pleasure only, but for profit. From 'the history' we have attempted to extract the moral, the serious, and the useful; and we shall be glad if we have been the means of eliciting a single good thought, of unfolding a single truth, or banishing a single error.

J. N. B.

T I M E .

Old father Time stands still for none;
This moment here, the next, he's gone!
And though you speak him e'er so kind,
He never lags one step behind:
If then with Time good friends you'd be,
You e'en must run as fast as he!

THE SISTER'S WISH.

LANGUAGE scarce hath power to tell
 How I love thee, brother;
 Dearer than all else below,
 Since we lost our mother:
 Ever while I think of thee,
 Tears of sweet emotion,
 And the faltering of my voice,
 Show my deep devotion.

Could a sister's prayer avail,
 And her warm caressing,
 Thine should be a charmed life,
 Rich in every blessing:
 Never more should thrill of pain
 Cause a start of anguish,
 Or a moment's weariness
 Make thy spirit languish.

I would rear for thee a home
 In a clime Elysian,
 Decked with every beauty rare,
 Like a fairy vision.
 Nothing sad should entrance gain,
 But from morn till even,
 Joy should rest on folded wings,
 Neath a smiling heaven.

Flowers, whose leaves should wither not,
 By clear waters growing,
 Pure as are an infant's dreams,
 Bright as fancies glowing;
 Lofty trees, like guarding love,
 Pleasant shelter making;
 Singing winds, from all around
 Echoes sweet awaking:

These should cluster round thy home,
 Brother, dearest brother!
 Ah, that smile! it tells me thou
 Dreamest of another:
 And *that* other! — mortal eye
 Hath not seen its splendor;
 All of power most grand is there,
 All of love most tender.

Vanish then, my fairy dream,
 As the blush of morning
 Dies amid the golden glow
 Earth and skies adorning.
 Brother, *this* shall be my prayer,
 Other hopes suppressing;
 Sister cannot ask for more
 Than **JEHOVAH's** blessing!

Philadelphia, Aug. 20, 1838.

E. H. S.

MY OWN PECULIAR:

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

NUMBER ONE.

THERE are three things in life, for which I have an unutterable and unconquerable aversion, namely: dust, a north-east wind, and a petulant old maid. These are the three grand divisions of human misery. All other evils, mental and physical, corporeal or incorporeal, take their origin from these. They are the fountains from whence flow penury, affliction, disease, and death; and if there be such a thing as a 'material hell,' I doubt not that it is made up of a *happy* admixture of these three. The old story of literal fire and brimstone, has lost half its terrors. If our energetic preachers, of the modern ultra or Burchard school, who deal out these articles by the wholesale, to the racing, dancing, and drinking reprobates, of the present generation, would but change their metaphor, and draw a vivid picture of a dry and barren plain, with clouds of dust floating over its surface, blinding the eyes and choking the breath of the condemned sinner; with a north-east wind chilling the very marrow of his bones, and an innumerable host of antiquated virgins hovering around him — one for each sin he had committed on earth — I am quite sure that an amazing and immediate reformation would be the inevitable consequence. The fellow who would grin at 'brimstone,' would look serious at 'dust;' the 'north-east wind' would stop

the most hardened offender in mid-career; but when he was told that each sin he committed would visit him hereafter in the shape of a crabbed octogenarian old maid, you would see forcibly illustrated that line in Virgil,

'Steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit.'

If he did not then reform, you might give him up. If he stood *that*, he would stand any thing. You might put him down as incorrigible; as 'an apostate from his mother's womb.' You might search his head for a twelve-month, without finding the organ of caution, while that of amativeness would be prodigiously large. In short, he would be just such a man as phrenologists tell you have 'an especial relish for damnation, for its own sake.'

Do n't imagine, reader, that I belong to that whining class, who sigh over all the little evils of existence. On the contrary, I have met and conquered some of its sternest foes. Gout has twisted my toes into ribbands; apoplexy has darted sheet-lightning through my brain; and *angina pectoris* has sent the warm blood leaping to the inmost citadel of my heart; but I have struggled through them all, and I am now a hale, hearty, cheerful, and vigorous old man, willing to live, and ready to die. It is not the light cloud of summer day-dust, nor the gentle north-east wind, nor the cheerful, amiable, delightful old maiden lady, that I dread; but it is the Egyptian cloud; the 'terrible searcher from the sea;' the cross, crabbed, vinegar, man-hating, cat-loving, match-breaking specimen of virginity. I can stand all evils but these, which I hate with a fervor that has acquired the force of habit.

SPEAKING of habit: Phrenologists are all at fault, when they tell us that our actions originate entirely from the developments of the brain. They do no such thing. We are the creatures of habit and association. Our pleasures are derived from our association of ideas, and these proceed from our habits. Let me give you an instance. I was seated in my study the other day, plodding over the mysteries of my old master, Coke, when I heard the terrible cry of 'Fire!' I ran to the window, and looked out; and sure enough, there it was! A volume of black smoke was clouding and obscuring the atmosphere, while ever and anon a vivid sheet of fire would dart forth from the surrounding darkness, like a ray of hope springing out of the clouds and blackness of existence. I seized my hat, and rushed down. On my way to the *locus in quo*, I passed the Exchange building, in whose steeple there is a bell, that has been wont to sound the tocsin of alarm of fire, for a period longer than the memory of that most respectable of all individuals, 'the oldest inhabitant.' At the base of the edifice, and gazing intently on the bell, stood an old acquaintance of mine. 'Why don't you go to the fire?' said I, shaking him. 'Fire?' answered he, 'there is no fire.' 'No fire!' said I, 'why don't you see it? It is close upon you, man! You'll *feel* it directly.' 'There is no fire,' exclaimed he, with vehemence; '*the bell has not rung.*' Unable and unwilling to combat this logic, I left him; but as I like to read the pages of human nature, I turned, when

I had passed on about twenty steps, and gazed at him. There he stood, the atmosphere redolent with flame, and crowds of men, women, and incipient specimens of both sexes, rushing by him. Horses without riders, and riders without horses; fire-engines tossing their giant arms; the echo of a thousand voices flinging back that awful monosyllable, '*fire!*'—and yet there he stood, transfixed, a statue, immovable. 'The bell had not rung;' but of a sudden, it 'gave tongue,' and its first stroke had the same effect upon him as Mr. Cross' electro-galvanic battery has upon flints and pumice stones. It vivified him; the statue started into life; and with an energy perfectly appalling, he rushed to the scene of confusion, shouting '*fire! fire! fire!*' with a vehemence that arrested the crowd in its career. 'Why don't you go to the fire?' bawled he, as he passed me. 'Oh, nonsense!' said I, 'there's no fire.' 'No fire!' screamed he, in tones of the direst astonishment; '*why, don't you hear the bell?*'

Now that's what I call association of ideas. That man, during his whole existence, had been summoned to fires by the ringing of that bell; he could not, therefore, for the life of him, separate the ideas in his mind; and though his wife, children, and goods, (last, not least,) were being consumed before his eyes, he would not have moved a muscle to save them from the devouring element, until 'the bell had rung.'

Let me give you another example. My study is in the second story of a building, and beneath me there dwells a tailor; a hard-working, clever, and honest man. My window looks out upon his garden, a spot some two by three feet, and where he spends his leisure moments. His pleasures are all concentrated in that 'oasis of life's desert.' Now, fair reader, what do you think he has planted there? 'Violets?' No. 'Sweet-williams?' Not exactly; he has planted — 'Stop, don't tell me! Indian creepers and morning glories?' Try it again. 'Phsaw! Well, *button-weed*, I suppose?' 'That's somewhat nearer; but you have not hit it yet. Do you give it up? Well, he's planted a *cabbage* — a full blown, vigorous cabbage!' No lover of the honey-moon looks more anxiously for the smile of his mistress, than does our friend of the shears watch over the verdant developments of his much-loved plant. Pygmalion's adoration of Marmorea was a milk-and-water feeling, compared with the enthusiastic devotion of our tailor to his cabbage. It is watered by his tears, and tended with his hands. The blighting frosts of winter harm it not, in its moss-covered sanctuary; and my own heart leaps with benevolent feeling, as I see my honest friend plying his needle at his shop-board, and casting now and then delighted glances at the beloved of his eyes, while his voice carols forth some long-remembered ditty, forcibly reminding the hearer of the nightingale's sonnet to the rose. In the language of the poet,

'It is the rainbow of his sight,
His joy, his heaven of pure delight.'

Now, I ask whence springs this affection? Answer, ye echoes of the human heart! Is it not association of ideas? Surely!

THE truth of the matter is, that all mankind are mad, and woman-kind also. There breathes no man, woman, or child, who is not, on some point or other, hopelessly insane. The symptoms are various, but the disease is the same. The other day, an individual called to consult me professionally. He belonged to the Dr. Johnson class, albeit rather a minute specimen. 'Sir,' said he, 'I desire to state a case to you; to get your advice, promptly, clearly, categorically. I dislike circumlocation. I love brevity. Sir, a dog came on my premises yesterday; a white dog, Sir, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, Sir. I describe him, Sir, with this precision, because I know the necessity of your being acquainted with all the leading facts, before you venture an opinion. Sir, I hailed him; I repeated it—and again; you perceive, Sir, *three* times. I did thus to the dog, because I would do the same to the man, Sir. It is a part of the law of nature, Sir, that you should hail three times, before you shed blood, Sir. Well, Sir, as I said, I received no answer. Of course, I expected none; but I desired to preserve my consistency, Sir, and to act toward a beast with the same humanity I would exercise toward a man. They are both God's creatures, Sir. Well, Sir, I say I received no answer. I had a gun, a double-barrelled gun, Sir. I held it in my right hand, Sir—observe, I say 'the right hand;' make yourself acquainted with the leading facts, Sir, before you venture an opinion. I raised it slowly. No answer yet, Sir; I expected none, Sir, of course. I cocked it. Still no answer. Of course, I expected none. I applied my finger to the trigger, Sir; I pulled it; I fired! He fell—he bled—he died. I did not fire the second barrel, Sir. I considered it unnecessary. I belong, Sir, to the utilitarian class. I do nothing that is unnecessary, Sir. Now, Sir, I am coming to the important point. Suppose, Sir, that instead of the white dog, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, suppose a *man* had entered my premises; that I had hailed him three times; you perceive, three times; I receive no answer; I raise my gun, I cock it, fire it. He falls—he bleeds—he dies. Tell me, Sir, briefly, distinctly, categorically, without equivocation, Sir, what, in your opinion, would be the consequences.'

'Hanging,' said I.

'Sir, I deny it. I asked your opinion, Sir, as a matter of form, but my own judgment was made up long ago. No court on earth, Sir, could so far violate the primitive rules of nature, as to hang a man, Sir, who had *hailed three times*. Nature says, Sir, hail three times, *and fire*.'

'My good Sir,' I interposed, 'you forget that Nature has no blunderbusses: how then can she command to fire?'

'She has no blunderbusses, Sir, as you truly, but, I regret to add, ignorantly and flippantly, remark, but she has sticks and stones, Sir, and she throws them in the way of the oppressed. I reason analogically, Sir, and progressively. Nature gives sticks and stones, Sir; nature gives man intellects, Sir; man makes blunderbusses. Now, Sir, observe the analogy; notice the progression; perceive the reasoning. Nature makes man; man makes blunderbusses; *ergo*, nature makes blunderbusses. Man is the agent of nature, the 'general agent,' Sir, as you lawyers call it, with unlimited powers—'qui

facit per alium, facit per se. 'Yes, Sir, nature makes blunderbusses, Sir. I have studied these things, Sir; I read nature, Sir. Her pages are not sealed books to me. I have the '*open sesame*' to her most hidden treasures, Sir. There's your fee, Sir. Good morning, Sir.'

'What a powerful intellect that man has!' said a good-natured and slightly-troubled-with-the-fool friend of mine, who had been a listener to our discourse; 'what a pity he is so eccentric! If he would only apply his vast learning to some useful object, if he were not quite so positive and rude, he would be a most estimable and distinguished man.'

'What an ass *you* are!' I was tempted to say; but I checked myself. Now, reader, both these men were crazy — as mad as 'March hares.' The first imagined himself one of the master spirits of the age, and his rudeness he considered the sure indication of genius; and the base coin passed current with the other man. He mistook the coarse, rude, stubborn, digressive, and insane speech of his co-madman, for genuine intelligence, and commendable decision. And so it generally passes with the world. Kindness and gentleness of manner is regarded as the unerring index of a weak and vacillating mind, while the brute, who tramples on the feelings of all those on whom he dares to make the experiment, is looked upon as a man of energy and firmness, and as veiling under the exterior of a bear the gentleness and amiability of the dove. That anomalous class of mankind, 'merchant tailors,' show their judgment of human nature in this respect, when they hang a pea-jacket at their doors, to indicate that they have fine broad-cloth coats and linen shirts for sale within.

Now a sensible man, or, to speak more correctly, a man whose monomania was of a different kind, would have put the question thus: 'Sir, a dog broke into my ground yesterday, and after making three efforts to drive him out, I killed him. I am desirous to know what consequences would attach to the act, if, under similar circumstances, I should kill a man?' But this would have been regarded, by the bystander of whom I spoke, as mere common-place, while all his encomiums were lavished on the rigmarole stuff of the pompous maniac, in whose whole speech there was not a single word of meaning or common sense. Stop, reader; I take back the last assertion. There were three words in that speech, which were indicative of sound judgment, clear perception, and unclouded intellect. They were, if I may speak figuratively, the sun's ray amid the morning mist; the eye in the toad; the grain of wheat in the dung-hill; the green spot in the desert. The most acute observer of human nature, the soundest philosopher, the most kind-hearted and benevolent individual, could not have used more fit, more appropriate, more intelligible expressions. In truth, they softened my wrath, they mollified my displeasure. I forgot the stubbornness of the individual who stood before me, and I could not help thinking, after all, that my good-natured friend was half right; 'if he were not *quite* so positive and rude, he would be a most estimable and distinguished man. 'Can you guess the talismanic words? No? Then I'll tell you. They are contained in the last sentence but one, when, suiting the action to the word, he observed: '*There's your fee!*'

SENEC.

FUNERAL OF SHELLEY.

'You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back ground, and the sea before.'

BYRON'S LETTERS.

To funeral pile we bore
The lord of lute and lay,
Made on the lonely Tuscan shore,
From England far away.
Before us was a sea
Of dark, unquiet mien,
And in her arms of treachery
Slept beauteous isles of green.

Behind us, graced with pines,
And intermingling boughs,
The tall, majestic Appenines
Reared their eternal brows :
Above, the skies were dark,
And shaded with their frown
Those waves, wherein his little bark,
Amid the storm, went down.

From forest and from flood
We heard sad tones ascend,
And thought the nymphs of wave and wood
Were mourning for our friend.
For when alive he sung
In places sweet and lone,
And on the beach of ocean, strung
His harp of deathless tone.

And well he loved the streams,
Old rocks, and hoary trees,
While spirits from the land of dreams
Came harping on the breeze.
We thought, while round his pyre,
The blue waves at our feet,
For voiceless monarch of the lyre,
The rites of old were meet.

His couch of proud repose
We fired at last, and high
The flame, like crimson column, rose
In perfume to the sky :
The wild and waters round
Were kindled by the glow,
And frightened, with a boding sound,
The gull flew to and fro.

Soon died away the light
Of myrrh and crackling pine,
And on the relics, warm and white,
Was thrown the sacred wine.
Peace to the bard ! amid
The marble wrecks of Rome,
By flowers and wreathing ivy hid,
His ashes have a home !

And though around him lie,
In consecrated mould,
The great of centuries gone by,
And demigods of old ;
From far to view his tomb,
The sons of genius throng,
And chaunt, while they bewail his doom,
Sweet, tributary song.

RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

NUMBER TWO.

THE extracts which follow, complete the selections from the journal alluded to in our last number, kept in Providence, (R. I.) previous to the marriage of the writer, and her removal to West Point. A wider field, novel scenes, and new affections and cares, will impart to the passages which are to follow, from other records, even an added interest and value.

‘WONDER where our merriment comes from — our laughter, our lightness, our pleasure? Oh, marvel past compare! that mirth, and misery, and fear, trust, doubt, despair, and hope, and discontent, and cheerfulness, should rule, all our lives long, in blessing or in chastisement, the self-same spirit! — the *same*, yet turned and wrought upon, almost beyond our power of cognizance. How strange it seems, sometimes, to me, that we should think of any thing but the dust wherein we must lie and fade, even as it were to-morrow. Yet here we are, looking now to the past — that, to be sure, is certain! — now to futurity; rarely — at least with me — pausing amidst, and appreciating, the present. The ties that bind our miserable flitting hours and days, what are they? A joy! a — nothingness! Broken, lost, forgotten, for ever and ever! Father! Sister! Lover! these are deep and gentle sounds; and yet they faint and die away, even as our lips uncloset to utter them.

‘I will e’en to my dreams, and they sometimes are wondrous fair. Oh, how I love to dream! When night with her mysterious hours comes on, heaven! ’tis a blessed thing to close our eyes in sleep! Strange, secret sleep; unguarded, unaware! Rain, flood your worst! I soon shall bid your dreariness good night! Ay, drip and drench; there may be brightening skies and sunny fields under my good curtains, whence your damp influence will surprisedly depart, to bother some waking and less fortunate mortal. It soon will matter not to me, I trow, whether there be storm or starlight above, or peace or turbulence below. Good night to lonely rooms, and repining thoughts, and wicked impatience, and unthankful misgivings! Good night to thee, my whilome near companion, and good night to beauteous Anna B——, whom I saw this evening at the Mansion House, and likened her to the Peris.

* * ‘To me, who have known that happiness which, God forgive me! seemed high as the highest, and who now would fain be freed from trusting, as I have trusted, to human enjoyment — to me, the present is but a thankless boon; the future — I cannot tell; the past, oh, bright as Spring!’ * * * ‘Often, after longing for change, for dissipation, do I acknowledge the wisdom that places me where and as I am. Were the gaud, the glitter, of constant pleasure, such as I know exists for many, to encompass me, I should be less fit, even than now, to hold upon my daily course. As, it is, I do look

out upon the quiet stars at night, and hold communion with my eternal soul!

'FANNY H——, the youthful, the beloved, gone down in utter silence to the grave! Her beautiful name, when I speak of lighter things, and her sweet *living* face, rise before me with a vividness for which I cannot account. Who, oh! who, shall dare approach the mother's and the father's yearning grief, that have looked their last upon a child like thee?—that have stood together beside that unshared pillow, and bent them down to thine unanswering lips, and laid their trembling hands upon thy lifeless brow, and whispered 'Gone!' Oh, colder to them shall be the summer, with her bursting bloom, than any winter's hour when thou wert by, and spoke, and smiled! Death! it cometh to each; but to see a child of light like thee, laid thus within the trodden dust; to know the throbbing hopes, and joys, and brightened images, that must have lived in thee, and think upon thy grave,

'Doth mock us drearly, in our busy places.'

* * 'Dreary to-day as clouds, and cold, and cankered falling leaves, could make it. Felt more forlorn than tongue can tell. Hoped for a letter, hoped for — *enfin*, I hope for all things, strive for all, but the sure guidance of my Maker, in the way which leads to peace and perfect rest. Could I but feel the height and depth of heaven above earth; the immaculate truth of things celestial; the perishing ashes of things terrestrial; the folly of human wisdom; the falsehood of human promise! But I feel it not! With the very tears of disappointment, and impatience, and weariness, in my eyes, I feel it not! Knowledge and faith are different things; for I *know* that life is a sorrowful shadow, fleeing away into darkness; yet, trust not, as we are commanded, to the better and eternal meed beyond. I do not realize that bliss, before which the world's most real, most unmingled good, is but a dim and idle mockery.

'*Eh bien!* — it is well to know and to repeat, the past, the *past* is surely and for ever ours! Hope, happiness, confiding days, and kind and fairy eves, and blessed phantasies, have all been mine; and in the very winter of life's course, *I will remember*. Friends may forsake, foes may pursue, ties that bind all human beings with an undisputed power, be broken, lost, trampled; there are moments, oh, I *know* it! which quit our memory but in the grave; and these, it may be, are they which mount with us in everlasting life hereafter.'

* * 'I love not the life I'm leading. For the society I meet in P——, it amounts (*la plus art*) to just precisely 000. I join in it of an evening; talk, giggle, perhaps sing a song; and if I catch the sight of a star in heaven, or the moon stealing in upon nonsense and noise, off, off go my thoughts on their fleet-winged errands, bringing me back no likeness of aught which is near and around me. What has come over me? In other days, the most common have interested, the most simple have satisfied me.' * * 'If that man comes ever to see me again, I must be carried out insensible! Stiff, prosy, smiling wretch! What pauses, big with awfulness, I suffered to occur, in the 'dim, distant' hope that he would go; and there he sat,

'yes, ma'am,' 'yes, ma'am,' till my patience jumped quite off her monument. The bare recollection of being subject two or three hours to that youth's narcotic devoirs, makes me as white as snow! Bitter is a dun, protruding chin, looking over a collarless black cravat! Bitter is straight lank hair! Bitter are two great red hands! Bitter is a vile-made boot, with nails in the heel! Bitter is Mr ——!

'RAINY, cold, forlorn! But there is never a day, upon which I do not open mine eyes at morning, with an instant thankfulness that I am alive upon God's earth; that I shall behold the blessed faces of my familiar affection; that I shall hear the sounds of all familiar things; that my full heart is beating; that these veins are warm and glowing with the cheerful 'tide of life!' * * 'Looked out this morning upon trees stripped of their foliage, their glittering summer dew and song; upon sear places amidst the grass, and sullenness over the waters, and the brooding sorrow of a wet November day pervading earth and air; yet my spirit, nowise hindered, spread her untouched pinions, and I blessed the hour that saw and sees me living! Ay, 't is pleasant! Who shall say, '*There is no good thing in us?*' Yet so cry the preachers, and among them, that nasal-voiced abhorrence of mine, the Rev. Mr. —— . Oh false and fatal scheme! Do I not know there *are* existences within a human bosom, of most acceptable beauty, teaching gentleness to the lips, and kindness to the soul, and rising in odor neither 'distasteful,' nor 'disdained,' toward the altars of yonder unimagined heaven?

'Been troubled all this day about a dress! Even so; the shape of a garment to enfold and beautify the form we are told is clay, is sufficient to disturb our philosophy! And so shall it be, even unto the end of the world. Aspiring now to kindred and likeness with the angels, now vexed and wearied by the meanest insignificance, we all pass on to our journey's end, 'contending with low wants and lofty will.' *Eh bien!* 'T were a doleful thing, to often dive into these matters.

'Been spending the evening with C —— R —— . Found her alone in the parlor. Expressive phrase! when two young women, not past their prime of years, or pride of life, convene *to talk*. 'Match me, ye climes,' with any thing cozier than C —— 's parlor; fire, flowers, piano, and closed shutters, and not a man to interrupt, and two maidens, as I said before, met to confabulate. Letters and love, companions, books, beauty, compared, cut, and criticized, as in quick and grand review they pass before one. How women will talk!

'Been to Mr. C —— 's church, with Mr. C —— . Alas! only in name is there similitude between my two acquaintances. The one engaged in all manner of holiness, wearing the outward garb of plainness and humility; the other, seeking after mirth, and wonders, and earthly boons, and attired in a fine cloth cloak, with silk tassels.*

* We plead guilty to the cloak, but feel impelled to defend ourselves against the imputation of mirth and wonder-seeking, particularly at church, and especially under the ministrations of one who has the power, through the eloquence of deep feeling, and heart-felt pathos, to divert from the minds of his hearers all thoughts save those awakened by his affectionate labors.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'RETURNED from —. Home — beloved and early home — I bid thee hail again! Changed as thou art from constant cheerfulness to the shadow of sorrow; lost, blessed scene! as is thy sound of blithe voices, and laughter, and music, and harmless, kindly mirth, my very heart is glad — glad, though the tear is in my eye — to return among thy still and dear familiar things. God! how they rise up, and speak to me, as with a voice! I hear the echo of my childhood's laughter! I see the gleaming faces of my happy childhood's mates! I hail anew the wonder of the waters! I chase the startled wings of fleeing butterflies. Dear, holy home! might I but die within thy well known sight! But if I am to leave thee, I will tear from my bosom, for the sake of him that loveth me, all wild and haunting memories. Not once hereafter will I seek the dark corner, to gather up thy vanished blessedness, to count thy hoarded hours of merry times and fresh — to see thee as thou wert, my home, and weep!

'I know not wherefore, but this Sunday afternoon reminds me more strongly and strangely than common, of olden words and days. The warm air is abroad, mocking the reign of dismal February; the snow patters from the eaves in twinkling drops; the sun — just like the blessed sun of other days! — is on my head; I think of thee, my lost and sainted —! of the heaven spread out in peace and love above mine eyes; of the earth, with all its vanished or forthcoming tributes, or ties, or trials, stretching beside and beyond me. So the winter is rolling onward and away. The Spring! Perchance she even now seeketh her buds, to awaken their slumber, and her breezes, to attune them to melody. She looketh, perchance, to her skies, that their tint be for ever unmatched! — to her floods, that they bound undelaying, ere long, at her call! There shall be spread over the sweet earth a pathway of greenness, and we that live on its bosom, shall watch along its valleys for feet which come not, and listen among its pleasant sounds for voices which arise not. And this is the cup we all must drink, and in our turn be mourned for a day, and missed for a day, and go down to the dust and the grave! Who will weep and stay for me, when my hour cometh? Perhaps none! This is a bitter and sad thought now, were I to dwell upon it; but when the time indeed is at hand, when the breath is going away, and the eyes can no more lift up themselves to earth or to heaven, and the memories or scenes of the life that is leaving us are blotted and unrecognised — it matters little, I ween, whose hand is on our head, or whose yet glowing lip is pressed to ours — the fading and the cold! It matters not!

'Thy latest beam, descending sun,
Falls to my page from yonder heaven;
I gaze — I yearn — 'tis vainly done!
Nor sound nor signal thence is given.
The souls of those we lose and love,
May spread their holy wings around,
Earth's whispers meet us — but above,
Beck' neth no finger, breaks no sound.
I see the summoned stars alone,
Gathering in silence round the throne.'

'THERE be surely some days, or some hours of some day of this

life, wherein the sinful even are exalted! When we tread lightly and are gleeful; when the earth and its creatures seem better than dust, and clouds are as good as the sun, and frost looks fanciful, and compliments are condoling, such as Mr. D ——'s this morning, who alluded to 'the graces of my person,' and we can think of winter, apart from self destruction, and forgive 'yes, ma'am!' Ay, some days there are, when we sit at ease and smile, or go about our work with a lightsome eye, questioning never whence cometh our sudden mood, nor where, ere an hour is over, it perchance shall vanish away. Well! to-day I'm content! The future — there's a good veil pulled over it! The past, the past; 't is gathered hence. I AM! not *was*, nor *shall be*. I have a heart, it slumbereth never. I have eyes; they drink in the glory of heaven at night, and the brightness of all earth at morning. I have affections, kindly and full. I have feet, they ask no carriage; hands, they are employed. I have thoughts, they track all space; and lips, they sing. I have a tongue, it wags; and tenderness, it softens me and others. I have the fire of pœsie, it blazes with immortal splendor; a pen, it pokes it. To-day I am content.

'Wish I did not get over my indignations so easily; but I do, and have, since I first arose like a star in the world's sight. Never can *keep affronted*. Duration of displeasure is utterly impossible and unknown to me. I *remember*, but not for one day in anger. Yes, many a little act is done and past against me, as against others. I can recall them, afterward, instanter, at any time, but all feeling is then gone concerning them.

They say too, love is an illusion, a magic dream, a fitting, un-reached *something*, undefined in youth, unpossessed in age; a winged and phantom wanderer through earth's starlight eves and listening bowers. Love! That's a funny thing, or shade, or whatsoever it be, unHINGING the stateliest, unhousing the safest, waylaying the armed, anatomizing the gigantic, prostrating and begging the proud and the miser!

Soon after her marriage, in May, 1833, Mrs. PHILLIPS removed, with her accomplished husband — who had been appointed to an important official station in the 'Military Academy' — to West Point. Here, amidst the sublime and beautiful scenery of this charming spot, and in the society of friends, whom she soon gathered around her, not less by the goodness of her heart, and the brilliancy of her intellect, than the ingenuousness and fascination of her manners, she passed the happiest period of her after life. The poetry of the scenery, together with the new and delightful relations upon which she had entered, seems to have endeared the spot to her affection, beyond even the home of her childhood. 'The fair beauty of sweet May,' she writes, subsequently, to her absent husband, 'seems at last to have received permission to come fully out. Her breath is on the air, her greenness in the valleys, her presence every where. Again, dearest husband, I can enjoy the enchantments of this our favorite post, only wishing for ever for your companionship, to complete the pleasure I must always have, while beholding, day by day, what I

verily believe to be the loveliest work of nature in this world.' When, afterward, a 'happy wife and happier mother,' she dwells, in epistles to her distant companion, upon the thousand endearments and tendernesses which are mingled with the remembrances of West Point, she ever pours out her spirit in heart-felt and touching reminiscence. 'That was a happy and a blessed time,' says she, writing from Philadelphia, 'that we lived together in our cottage on the rocks! Sweet is the memory of our pleasant hours, too soon, too soon destroyed! Never have I since tasted true pleasure.' In passages of the annexed journal, kept at Philadelphia, during the absence of Capt. PHILLIPS, at a far western military station, as well as in the private correspondence, to which we have alluded, and from which we shall quote hereafter, a vivid picture may be gleaned of the domestic scenes and events so fondly cherished.

'SWEET Pennsylvania friends, and you ye streets all crossing one another, like so many brothers and sisters, five months have I been living and walking among you, yet written down nothing of the divers experiences and fancies, which in that time have signalized my days at board. Five months passed for ever! and I stand looking after them, as a thing of course; neither conscious that they have gone to witness for me, with any particular degree of praise or faith, nor yet resolving that the five to come shall be adorned by any extra effort at the necessary subjugation of pride, vanity, or lightness, to the rules of meekness, diffidence, and sobriety. Wont moralize, nor yet soliloquize; for *where's the use?* Here's an emphatic question! I wonder, though, why there's a mark set upon all persons 'seriously inclined?' There's Mistress W——, arrived to-day from Wilmington; I knew, before she mounted three stairs, that she had 'met with a change;' orders about trunks, issued each in a chastened, uncertain key, as if the owner might n't live to get out her common habiliments. 'Tis too true! Something nasal and sepulchral always distinguishes the elect. I never yet was mistaken in man or woman who had 'a prospect!' Anticipations, one would think, reaching in blessed assurance beyond the swift-departing mockeries of the world; should cheer the eyes, and make music in the voice of the chosen. Wherefore then hang ye your heads, and dole ye out out your daily phrases, O, children of happiness! for such you avow yourself to be?'

'STRANGE life I lead here, so long, uncaring and uncared for; I, whose inward strings are capable of playing to a thousand different delightful airs; whose ears and eyes are wont to report me every sight and movement of society. Time was, I used to burnish my outward woman, for the pleasing essay of a gracious appearance in the face of the world. 'Company down stairs' once suggested to my brain the idea of some cheery assemblage, primed with piquant discourse, and happy efficiency. Nobody in this house to whom I ever open my mouth! Oh! I'm tired of belonging to nobody! Solitude's a fine thing, if one may choose the when and whereabout.

Commend me, with a heart full of rich fancies, and eyes athirst for greenness, — to the soft shining dew, and silence of the river's sloping bank! Leaves must be there, glossy and thick, and the cool balm of June's descending day. Or starlight is sweet, as alone, at the dark window, forgetful of our household forms and faces, for one pure and acceptable moment, we look up in yearning and in love to the holy and voiceless mysteries of God. World of *our eyes*! — what art thou, that we tread thee sometimes in utter impatience of what is common and lowly; that we take upon us to denounce those perceptions whereon thy music, and beauty, and glory, and bloom, fall unacknowledged and unaware? * * *Eh bien*, since the W——'s left, I'm stagnate! No feelings, no wishes, no ambition to wear my blue gown. Husband at Arkansas; home at West Point. Oh, for a house once more, whereof I carry the keys, and pour out tea! Here's little Miss Phillips, my first olive branch, must be praised for all the life and promise remaining in me. Her voice playeth for me 'a pleasant tune,' her free laugh ringeth silver! Now, peace be with thee, my child, my child! God knows it is a fearful thing to look along the path thy tender feet must cross, to remember the thoughts which one by one must break into that harmless bosom, ere the quiet dew of its infancy, and the trustful flowering of its youth, are swept away for ever! Dearest, must it be? Is it in vain I lift my deprecating hands, bidding good angels guard thee? Is thy lot indeed upon thee, little one?

'I've seen some variety of earthly pilgrims here. Trunks, canes, and valises, of sundry hues and shapes, followed up and in by their owners. Some talk politics, some, according to their own ingenious taste, amuse themselves in the fancied erection of the famous 'monument.' From last advices, our country's father was to be exposed seven thousand feet in the open air; quite invisible, 't was thought, to the naked eye, but leaving a pleasing conviction in the bosoms of his patriotic children that he is certainly there! Assuredly people have very different noses, mouths, and hair, but I'm afraid mankind are terribly alike, at last; just so many letters on the same business, folded up and addressed to different persons. Mrs. S——, who, for a consideration, entertains my nurse, my pledge, and myself, receives also transient visitors. Thereby am I enabled, from my corner on the sofa, to review the comers as they 'flit and fade.' Nobody laughs a *good laugh*, says a good thing, nor notices, by any indication, the fullest flood of winter's moonlight that ever falls clear and untarnished through Dame S——'s windows, over the carpet! Ergo, there's neither genuine mirth, quick-witted skull, nor flavor of sentiment, among the whole itinerant host of travellers coming under mine observation, since August.

'Our *fixtures*, chez M^{me} S——, are Mr. and Mrs. P——, twosquat, square figures from St. S——s, Madame having the advantage by a head of hair built straight up in the shape of a barrel, with a great congregation of viney curls trailing over the top of a sort of braid-fence, on the summit of her crown. Monsieur, *tout au contraire*, being guilt-

less of a neck, sinks hopelessly down into his garments, like a toad in a high-collared coat. Two vulgar-looking little squabs bless the connubial entwinement of Mr. and M'me P——, who appear at dessert with blue check aprons, and appetites by no means scrump. There's Mrs. R——, much on a line with t' other, saving whitish viney curls instead of black, and the possession of dyspepsia, which causeth her to destroy, she being under a regimen, all the sponge-cake at table. There's a Mr. R., also, belonging to this fair malade, whose forte seems bowing to every body, and saying, 'Yes, Sir—yes, Sir.' There's old, *old* Mr. L——, enlivening his antique state, by frequent spring-time allusions; pretends to like 'snow-balling'; urges on the public what a d—l of a beau he used to be with the ladies; insinuating, by many a furtive glance, as he protrudes his dwindled limb toward the fire, 'That was the leg for a boot!' But over all, commend me to an old, lean maid, with young, full airs, and gallopades. Oh, burthensome friskiness! Oh, damaged singing-voice! Miss L—— is the last rose left unplucked, on her ancient father's fading bush. Sweet *Grace*, (for such is her name,) step forth! Surely my Atalanta, thou'rt shod in mail; thou shak'st the house! Indeed, old damsel, I've no inborn spite against thee, but your affections, I clearly discover, are far from being scattered on my grateful head. My sins against you, rose of Sharon! are only younger days, a smother tongue, and better courtesies of strangers journeying this way. * * Fidgetty, snappish and suspicious, I believe M'lle to be malicious enough for any evil length. Her sweetest regulated address sounds premonitory of a quarrel; her best arranged attitude looks indicative of a stamp. Five or six women at board, and you could n't drain from all their united spirits drops enough to concoct one soul! What sustains my vital principle so long, I cannot tell. Go every evening in the parlor, there they sit; table in the centre, muslin hemming by the yard; sore-throat cures descanted on by the quart; extraordinary shrinking of flannel, if not properly washed, decried and lamented, and all with as much important interest as though the flimsy discussion embraced the hopes of immortality. Our medical students are increased to six; three last, through intolerable stinginess, or better, actual poverty, have taken one small room. I do hold that no full grown men, however linked in friendship's holy bonds, could, under any common circumstances, be induced, nay, *driven*, to apply to Morpheus every night in triplicates, for his drowsy favors. * * Any way, I do despise medical students; the pompous, ignorant, wordy, strutting geese! Oh, this is some relief!—for I long every minute to box their ears! There, take it, Dr. R——! and you, you fat, unmannered lump!—and you, above the whole classic group, you mincing, smoking, be-singed, and curly sap! How DARE you speak to me—witheral in as soft, assured a tone, as though your Indian-beads were 'pearls?' * * 'Strange how some people are satisfied with whatever they can get! There's Miss L——, and the rest, all trying to make themselves seductive in the eyes of as vulgar, rough a portion of our country's youth, as ever fed on corn-bread. Doubtless it is delightful to be able to mix our respective ingredients with whatever compound is likely for a season to be continually placed in our sight, and by our side. Can't submit! Stay up stairs, first, from

one week to another. I there have my baby, my thoughts, and (woman's mighty solace!) abundance of plain sewing. Happy sex! who find our Egeria within the compass of a small wicker-work basket, while the breast of tired and toiling man beats only responsive to the voice of ambition, or the chink of riches. There's an idea going the rounds, that the 'sphere of woman is contracted.' She can't skate on the Delaware, nor walk down by herself to the Exchange, to hear the morning news; but there are 'excellent plots' in the arrangement of patch-work, and life's sweetness comes to a focus in the boiling midst of a kettle of molasses candy!

S T A N Z A S .

‘We met and we parted.’

We met! I clasped as fair a hand
 As ever graced an earthly form;
 Its answering touch was mild and bland —
 Was witching, soft, and warm.
 We met! I saw an eye as bright
 As is the eldest star of even;
 It shed such rays of melting light
 As beam around the queen of heaven.

I heard a voice, whose low-breathed tone
 Was sweet as an *Æolian* strain;
 Cheering, as in the burning zone
 The wind's first whisper on the main.
 I saw a lip whose ruby hue
 Put painting's brightest tint to shame,
 And sparkled with as pure a dew
 As e'er was sipped by morning's beam.

That cheek where rose and lily vie,
 And each alternate gains the prize,
 Beamed like a *summer's* sunset sky,
 When snow-white cloud-wreaths blend its dyes.
 A swan had marked that neck of white
 With envious yet enamoured eye;
 Warbling, he sank from 'neath the light,
 And left to her his melody.

And those who saw that brow, might deem
 An ancient tale with truth was rife,
 And think that there a heavenly beam
 Had warmed the marble into life.
 Her hair was of such mingled tint,
 That to describe one shade were vain;
 Its varying hues the sunbeams paint
 On waving fields of golden grain.

That voice was tuned to winning notes,
 Those charms around me wove their spell;
 But on the past the vision floats
 Of one I learned to love too well.
 We parted! Chill that lily hand,
 And cold that eye had learned to be;
 And *Giulia*, on a foreign strand
 I pour this strain of love to thee!

THE OLD TOWN PUMP.

'AND a good many of y^e town of Boston can testifie, that evill spirits have greatly troubled them, appearing in diverse forms and shapes, and sometimes continuing their hatefull visits, at brief intervals, for nearly a whole moneth at a time.'

COTTON MATHER.

NEARLY a century ago, long before our good ancestors, the colonists, thought of throwing off the yoke of Great Britain, there was an old pump, situated at the foot of Copp's Hill. In its best days, it had been celebrated for supplying the North End with the purest water in Boston. It had its failings, however, as what pump has not? It resolutely refused water, save early in the morning or late at night. When morning and night came, therefore, it was thronged with 'regular customers,' who, notwithstanding the large numbers, peaceably took their turn, without even so much as shoving or pushing, to gain precedence. Alas! how short is human life! Not one of all the goodly company who were wont to resort to that pump, are now living. They have wasted from the face of the earth, and even their names have perished! The venerable old relic, too, its antiquated handle, its curious-crooked nose, its old-fashioned shoe, and its short, round body, and thick cap, with 'Timothy Block, Maker, 1700,' engraved upon it, has perished. Ah, me! that old pump! which once served as a landmark to a lost townsman in a dark night, even as the light-house guides the tempest-tossed mariner, which was the assignation-place, the trysting-tree, could it have spoken, what tales could it not have unfolded, of plots, rebellion, and treason! It could have whispered, too, of the lover's soft tale, told beneath its friendly shadow. But it has perished; its springs have long since dried up, its body prostrated, and its ancient cap, which should have claimed respect for its antiquity, from the hand of sacrilege, laid level with the dust. Avarice and worldly gain has erected a block of buildings upon the site which it once occupied, and it is known no more.

About a stone's throw from the spot upon which it stood, there still existed, in 1800, an old-fashioned two-story wooden house, once painted red, but so altered by time, that scarcely a vestige of its former color remained, when it was torn down. This was the residence of Bill Gray, a cobbler by trade, who supported his mother and himself from his earnings, by mending shoes and leggins for the good town's people of Boston. Bill was fond of an extra glass, and often in the summer season, when his day's work was over, would run down to the 'King George' tavern, only just for a few minutes, where, in company with congenial spirits, he was pretty sure to spend half the night.

One evening in May, 1750, Bill was seated as usual in the tap-room of the 'King George.' A storm had been gathering all day in the heavens, and just at nightfall had burst in all its fury upon the little town of Boston. So sudden had been its advent, that many, who but a minute before had prophesied that it would undoubtedly hold off till morning, were, in spite of their prediction, compelled to fly for shelter to the nearest cover. Of this number was Bill Gray, who

chanced to be standing near the tavern. It was quite natural for him to dodge into the bar-room of the 'George.' A general shout from a drinking party at a table welcomed him, and after drying his wet garments by the fire, he took a seat at the table with them.

As it had evidently set in for a rainy night, the party determined to enjoy themselves under cover, and bid defiance to the storm which raged without. Ordering fresh fuel and liquor, therefore, they prepared to make themselves as comfortable as the case would admit. The wind, weather, crops, and other topics, which to this day furnish materials for common-place conversation, having been worn out, the company began to look each other in the face, and in spite of all their endeavors, their spirits began to flag, and all for want of something to talk about. Suddenly one of the company proposed that they should all take turns in relating stories. The proposition was at once voted a good one, and innumerable were the tales that were told that night. There was one in particular, which was deeply impressed upon the mind of Bill Gray, who, to the day of his death, remembered every syllable, exactly as it was narrated. The burden of the tale was simply this. A man, for some trifling consideration, sold his soul to Satan. At the expiration of a few years, he was waited upon by his Infernal Majesty, and transferred to his kingdom, with the usual accompaniments of fire, smoke, blue lightning, and thunder.

Ten o'clock struck, before the party thought of breaking up; and when they did, Bill Gray, with his hands in his pockets, ran home with all the speed he was master of, keeping his eyes closed all the way, lest he should meet the Evil One, and be tempted to barter his hopes of salvation. After safely locking the door, he began to congratulate himself upon being again at home. He was thinking of a draught of water, before going to bed, when, happening to cast a look into the bucket, he perceived that it was empty. What was to be done? He must either start off and fill it, or rise a great deal earlier in the morning than suited his habits. He could not forego his morning's nap, nor could he bring his mind to pay a nocturnal visit to the old pump, at the foot of Copp's, especially when his brain was filled with ghosts, hobgoblins, and the heroes of such awful legends as he had heard that evening. But as the water must be had, he decided, after a severe mental struggle, that the best thing he could do, would be at once to start, before his courage could have time to evaporate. Seizing the bucket, he rushed in desperation out of the house, and took his way, by the shortest cut, to the pump.

The storm was over, and the clouds breaking away, gave tokens of a fair day on the morrow. But Bill cared not for this; his greatest solicitude was, to get back in the least possible time, without meeting the Imp of Darkness. He soon found himself alongside the pump, and under the faint glimmering lamp, which the inhabitants of the North-End had purchased by voluntary subscription, and planted near it. Suspending his bucket under the nose, he clutched the handle, and moved it convulsively up and down a dozen times, but without success. Not a drop flowed. Again he tried, and yet again, but a long, dry cough was all he could elicit. In his vexation, he raised his arm, and dealt the inanimate offender a severe blow with his clenched fist.

'Come, look out how you hit me, Bill Gray!' said a gruff voice, close to him.

Bill raised his eyes, in unfeigned astonishment, and beheld, seated across the nose of the pump, a little figure scarcely two feet in height, dressed in a black suit, with a red woollen cap on his head. He was one entire deformity. On his back he carried a miniature mountain; his head was larger than any three Bill had ever seen; his legs were like drum-sticks, and his face was lit up with a hideous expression, while from his eyes there darted an unearthly twinkle.

'Who — who are you?' stammered Gray.

'My name is Knippercrack,' answered the same gruff voice: 'I am the tutelary genius of this pump. I preside over its destinies, and I won't permit it to be abused, especially by one upon whom it has been in the habit of conferring its favors.'

As he said this, the little man clapped his hands, and gave vent to something between a screech and a howl, which rēechoed through the neighborhood, until it seemed that it would lift the very roofs of the houses; and our hero fancied he could hear the same cry repeated in chorus by a thousand voices, on the summit of Copp's.

'Now, tell me,' growled the genius — 'tell me truly, or I'll pass you over to the good people up the hill there — what are you doing here, at this time of night?'

Bill made out to say that he was after water.

'Hoo! hoo! hoo!' yelled Knippercrack. 'Hoo! hoo! hoo!' repeated the chorus on the hill. 'Tell that to those whom you can make believe it!' continued Knippercrack, with a laugh of derision; 'come after water at this time of night? All fudge! You lie, Bill Gray! — you know you lie!'

Although Bill was undoubtedly the biggest coward in Boston, still he could not stand and hear himself thus berated, without feeling a hearty good will to upset the little gentleman into the shoe of the pump — if he only dared! Such thoughts did indeed flit across his mind; and growing bolder by degrees, he ventured to survey more closely the person of the diminutive imp, and to institute a comparison between his strength and his own, and the probable result of a rough-and-tumble.

'I'll bet I can wallop him!' exclaimed Bill, mentally, 'right between his peepers. I'll try it!'

'No you won't, Bill; you'll wish you had n't, if you do!' growled Knippercrack.

Bill started back in amazement. The little man had read his most secret thoughts!

'I didn't say nothin',' said Gray.

'No, but you thought so,' retorted the genius.

'I'll thank you for my bucket; I'll be goin' home, I guess,' said Bill, after a short pause, during which time he had been screwing up his courage to make the demand.

'Your bucket! Hoo! hoo! hoo!' And again the chorus on the hill repeated, 'Hoo! hoo! hoo!'

'Look here, Bill Gray!' cried Knippercrack; and therewith he kicked the bucket into the shoe of the pump. Bill sprang toward it, but before he reached it, he found himself unaccountably rooted to the spot on which he stood. So strong and potent were the invisi-

ble chains which bound him, that he could not move a limb an inch ; and to add to his distress, the imp still maintained his position across the nose of the pump, rubbing his hands in great glee, and ever and anon yelling forth his fearful 'Hoo ! hoo ! hoo !'

'Run for your bucket, Bill !' cried Knippercrack, giving it a kick toward the grave-yard on the hill. Bill, released from the spell which bound him, darted after it. Away it went, rolling over tombstones, graves, and tablets ; and away went Bill in pursuit, buffet-ing with the ghosts, giving out and receiving blows, but all in vain ; for no sooner did he think he had his bucket safe, than it was snatched away by some invisible hand. Thus it continued, until near morning, and Bill at last gave it up in despair. Leaving the bucket to its fate, he sought his humble dwelling.

When the regular troop repaired to the pump, in the morning, to draw their accustomed supplies of water, they found a bucket filled to the brim, suspended under its nose. Our hero often related his adventure, but as none of the good town's people had ever heard of Knippercrack, they all came to the conclusion that Bill must have either been drunk or dreaming.

THE DYING GIRL.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A BOOK-WORM.

Ort would she sit and look upon the sky,
When rich clouds in the golden sunset lay
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh,
That come like music at the close of day —
Trembling among the orange blooms, and die
As 't were of very sweetness. She was gay,
Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

And on her young, thin cheek a vivid flush,
A clear transparent color, sat awhile ;
'T was like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,
And round her mouth there play'd a gentle smile,
Which though at first it might your terrors hush,
It could not, though it strove, at last beguile ;
And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein,
Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty, all
Men love or woman boast of, was decaying,
And one by one life's finest flowers did fall
Before the touch of Death, who seem'd delaying,
As though he'd not the heart at once to call
That maiden to his home. At last, arraying
Himself in softest guise, he came : she sigh'd
And, smiling as though her lover whispered, died !

He saw her where she lay, in silent state,
Cold and as white as marble : and her eye,
Whereon such bright and beaming beauty sate,
Was, after the fashion of mortality,
Closed up for ever : even the smiles which late
None could withstand, were gone ; and there did lie
(For he had drawn aside the shrouding veil,
By her a helpless hand, waxen and pale.

LITERARY NOTICES.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris, etc., etc. In one volume. pp. 500. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE is a philosopher. He comprehends men, things, and even the Americans. We have hitherto been an enigma to all the world; but our author has at least partly solved it. He has put into the hands of the European public a key to our long-concealed mysteries; he has lifted more than one corner of the veil that was spread over us. His book carries on its face the marks of candor, cool and philosophic discernment, and probability, and will therefore work conviction abroad. He seems himself, however, to be in doubt whether it will work conviction among us: 'If ever these lines are read in America,' says he, 'I am well assured of two things: in the first place, that all who peruse them will raise their voices to condemn me; and in the second place, that very many of them will acquit me at the bottom of their consciences.' A conviction notwithstanding, though it may not stand confessed. Honestly, however, we believe he intends to apply this remark to his chapter on the tyranny of public opinion in America; for we see no reason why he should entertain such an apprehension as to the effects of his book, in general, on the people of this country. As a whole, he has not executed a work to bring a lasting blush over our face, though he has told some humiliating truths. He puts us down and sets us up alternately. With one dash of his pen he would seem to be sending us to Coventry; and with another, he restores us to good society, and confirms us in it. On one page, or part of a page, nay, by the sweep and power of a single sentence, a foreigner, who had no other means of acquaintance with the subject of the author's story, might be excused for losing all respect for us; anon, he will be put all aback by some sudden change of the winds, and be obliged to trim his sails and right his bark, to gain a favorable position and more easy course, from which he may gaze with admiration on that ship of state in the distance, which rides the mountain wave with a grace, and a dignity, and a skill, which insures a prosperous voyage, or which is well prepared to encounter a foe. According to M. De TOCQUEVILLE—and we must confess he appears more studious for truth than anxious to please—we might seem a people of contradictions, an agglomeration of anomalous accidents, yet to be assorted, and our social history yet to be explained, except so far as he himself has lifted the veil, and presented us to the eyes of the European public. A thousand and ten thousand things, of the nature of facts in our history, unknown before almost to ourselves, he has opened on the gaze of the world; and things, too, of a very mysterious, potential, and momentous character. He has analyzed our history, from the beginning and from the bottom, and *attempted* to show the effect and drift of the whole. But the latter task was too mighty even for him. For notwithstanding all his skill in combination and composition, he has

left the field and the scene a chaos; a world in existence, but not a world reduced to order. The foreigner may see, in the glass which our author has put into his hands, many things in America to laugh at, but there will also be forced on his attention much to admire. In the consultation of his own acquired tastes and habits, if he is tolerably well off in his own country, he may feel for a moment that he would not desire to be a member of such a community as America, but his next thought will be, that America cannot be despised. He may discover a thousand little things, but he will always find them planted by the side of great things. He may see customs and manners which to him would be uncomfortable, but he will behold in the causes that have produced them, a sufficient quantum of redeeming influences to balance the account. He may find a sort of rampant freedom, and a bustle without any apparent order or object, but when he looks deeper, he will discover an indomitable respect for the laws, and a steady, all-ruling purpose in the aims and pursuits of these go-ahead republicans. From the violent political agitations of the community, and the apparent want of compactness and vigor in the body politic, he may imagine that the affairs of the country have brought it to the crisis of its existence; but he will afterward find that it has been in a state of crisis ever since it had any existence at all. In a word, he will be surprised, at every step, at some new development of redeeming qualities, to be set over against such faults, and of guiding, protecting powers, in the giddy whirl of such an active, bustling, and onward march of society. An enigma still the country and its institutions may be, sufficient to puzzle the politicians of the old world; but its characters are reflected from the dome of heaven, and he who would thoroughly understand them, must climb and tread among the stars. As M. DE TOCQUEVILLE more than intimates, it was not man, but God, that made America. It is one of the results of a high and inscrutable Providence. Man opposes heaven, but heaven, in spite of man, rules over the earth. 'The powers that be,' and that have been, have armed themselves against the introduction and establishment of free governments; but God, from his throne, has decreed otherwise, and the whole state of the civilized world is rapidly and irresistibly tending to this result. Such seems to be the conviction of our author, and we are not disposed to dissent from him.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE has certainly bestowed on us some compliments—we may say, many. For all that he has done, we may respect ourselves, and shall be respected. Comparing all the faults he has found in us, with the excellencies he has awarded to us, we are still a great, and may be a proud, people. Our virtues we are accustomed to know, and perhaps sufficiently addicted to appreciate. But our author says: 'There are certain truths which the Americans can only learn from strangers or from experience.' Of course, they are the more unpleasant truths, in other words, our faults. Look at this: 'If great writers have not at present existed in America, the reason is very simply given in these facts: there can be no literary genius, without freedom of opinion; and freedom of opinion does not exist in America!' Surely, if this be a truth, we have first learned it from a stranger. But the particular and only application which he makes of it, is rather suspicious: 'There is no public organ of infidelity.' That is, the tyranny of public opinion is such, that infidelity cannot show its head, and front, and body, in an organized form. On this point, this simple statement may suffice for all the needful purposes of a reply. Nor would we suggest that M. DE TOCQUEVILLE was himself an infidel, and grieved at this negative fact. We have on the whole set him down for a Christian. But it was rather a blunder, at least, that he should rest the truth, and hazard the influence, of his statement, on such a reference.

Again our author says: 'I know no country in which there is so little independence of mind, and freedom of discussion, as in America.' But observe, it is supported by the same reason, occult indeed, though allied to another that is cousin german: 'In any constitutional state of Europe, every sort of religious and political theory may be advocated and propagated abroad.' Mr. SPENCER, in his notes to this work, has very properly qualified and rebuked our author's treatment of this subject. We think M. D. TOCQUEVILLE was led into error here, first by his theory, and next for lack of information as to its practical operation. Reckoning the majority as an unity, and assuming that men are the same in the aggregate as they are severally, he jumps to the conclusion, that the absolute sway of a majority is as dangerous as that of an individual: 'For these reasons,' he says, 'I can never willingly invest any number of my fellow creatures with that unlimited authority which I should refuse to any one of them.'

If there be truth and justness in the following statement, it is tremendous indeed:

"In America, the majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion. Within these barriers, an author may write whatever he pleases, but he will repent if he ever steps beyond them. Not that he is exposed to the terrors of an auto-da-fé, but he is tormented by the slights and persecution of daily obloquy. His political career is closed for ever, since he has offended the only authority which is able to promote his success. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused him. Before he published his opinions, he imagined that he held them in common with many others; but no sooner has he declared them openly, than he is loudly censured by his overbearing opponents, while those who think, without having the courage to speak, like him, abandon him in silence. He yields at length, oppressed by the daily efforts he has been making, and subsides into silence, as if he was tormented by remorse for having spoken the truth.

"Fetters and headsmen were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has refined the arts of despotism, which seemed, however, to have been sufficiently perfected before. The excesses of monarchical power had devised a variety of physical means of oppression; the democratic republics of the present day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind, as that will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of an individual despot, the body was attacked, in order to subdue the soul; and the soul escaped the blows which were directed against it, and rose superior to the attempt; but such is not the course adopted by tyranny in democratic republics; there the body is left free, and the soul enslaved. The sovereign (the majority) can no longer say, 'You shall think as I do, on pain of death; but, you are free to think differently from me, and to retain your life, your property, and all that you possess; but if such be your determination, you are henceforth an alien among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they shall be useless to you, for you will not be chosen by your fellow citizens, though you solicit their suffrages; and they will affect to scorn you, if you solicit their esteem. You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow creatures will shun you like an impure being; and those who are most persuaded of your innocence, will abandon you, too, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but it is an existence incomparably worse than death.'"

That a man who had observed so profoundly and correctly on other matters, and an author who had written so well, and discoursed so eloquently, upon them, could fall into this egregious blunder of theory and fact, excites our astonishment. Had we not other reasons for giving him credit for a christian belief, we should still apprehend that he had found some occasion in actual life to sympathize with the obloquy of an avowed and open infidel, laboring to propagate his sentiments, but defeated and borne down by public opinion, or with some other renegade to well-received and sacred opinions, who had dared to outrage the common feeling of the community. In our country, this description applies to no other case of fact. And yet our author appears to apply it to politics. Again:

"When an individual or a party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If to public opinion, public opinion constitutes the majority; if to the legislator, it represents the majority, and implicitly obeys its injunctions; if to the executive power, it is appointed by the majority, and remains a passive tool in its hands;

the public troops consist of the majority under arms; the jury is the majority invested with the right of determining judicial cases; and in certain states, even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous or absurd the evil of which you complain may be, you must submit to it as well as you can."

Doubtless there may have been some occasion for observing the tyranny of opinion in our country, when armed with the influence of the majority, both in the political and religious world, and in all other forms of the social state. But we are not aware, than any more perfect state of society has yet been invented, than the rule of the majority. And as our author appears to be an advocate of free governments, and in most respects an admirer of ours, we will just introduce the form he has suggested as a more perfect way: 'That the legislative power should be so constituted as to represent the majority, without necessarily being the slave of its passions; an executive, so as to retain a certain degree of uncontrolled authority; and a judiciary, so as to remain independent of the two other powers.' Very well. We know not but we would go for it, if it can be made practicable; though there seems to be so much of the indefinite in the whole, and so much of the nicety of detail to be settled, we fear there might be difficulties in the way.

Without descending to the minutiae of criticism, which lie open to notice on the pages of the volume before us, we may say, in conclusion, that the author has executed a work for which the world ought to thank him — the European world, and the American world. He has shown us up to foreigners and to ourselves; and though he has found some fault in us, he has left us enough to be proud of. He has convinced us more than ever, that if just to ourselves, and true to our principles, we can yet become, if not the greatest, yet one of the greatest and happiest people on earth. We have indeed much to make us anxious, but much to hope for. M. DE TOQUEVILLE has demonstrated one thing — our positive and relative importance; and henceforth, so far as the influence of our author may go, and we predict it will not be small, the world will be constrained to acknowledge it. Let the following quotations suffice for this point, and for our part of duty on the great theme:

"It must not be imagined, that the impulse of the British race in the new world can be arrested. The dismemberment of the union, and the hostilities that might ensue, the abolition of republican institutions, and the tyrannical government that might succeed it, may retard this impulse, but they cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destinies to which that race is reserved. No power upon earth can close upon the emigrants that fertile wilderness, which offers resources to all industry, and a refuge from all want. Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their climate, or of their inland seas, of their great rivers, or of their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy, be able to obliterate that love of prosperity, and that spirit of enterprise, which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race, or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way." * *

"The time will come, when 150,000,000 of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, (if the institutions remain unchanged,) the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain, but this is certain; and it is a fact new to the world; a fact fraught with such portentous consequences, as to baffle the efforts even of imagination.

"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend toward the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place among the nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time. All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth. All the others are stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty. These are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russians are men. The former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization, with all its arts and arms. The conquests of the one, therefore, are gained by the ploughshare; those of the other by the

sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

We have already briefly referred to the handsome style in which the publishers present this book to the public; a style, indeed, which distinguishes all the works from their press, and for preserving which, they deserve the thanks of every lover of good types, white paper, and clear printing.

GENERAL HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN EUROPE, FROM THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Translated from the French of M. GUIZOT, Minister of Public Instruction, etc. In one volume. pp. 346. First American, from the second London edition. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A THOROUGH perusal of this excellent work, has convinced us that it is in all respects what is claimed for it by the translator. The object of the author was to give a general view of European civilization, from the fall of the Roman empire, and the invasion of the barbarians, to the present time. The manner in which he has executed this task, is original, grand, and philosophical. He has sought out and placed before his reader the elementary principles of which the present social system of Europe is formed. He has shown how essentially this system differs from all others, ancient or modern; and he accounts for it from the great diversity of materials of which it is composed. He makes to pass in review before us what it derived from the Roman empire, what was brought into it by the barbarians, by the feudal aristocracy, by the Church, by free cities and communities, and by royalty; all these he considers as so many ingredients, by the mixing, pounding, and fusion of which, the present state of society has been produced; a society, on this very account, superior to any which ever existed before, and which is still advancing toward perfection. But M. Guizot's lectures are not confined to a mere nomenclature of these ingredients; he describes the seeds from which these elements of our civilization have sprung, the soil by which they have been nourished, the fruits which they have borne, the parts of them which are good and profitable for civilization, and, therefore, to be prized and preserved; and those which, on the contrary, are noxious or useless, and therefore to be cast away or destroyed. To this he adds the effects produced by the fusion and opposition of these various principles; and, in tracing out these, he gives us concise but brilliant sketches of the several great events which have had a marked influence upon the destinies of Europe, among which stand most conspicuous, the Crusades, the Reformation, the English Revolution, and some others. All these are treated in an original and masterly manner; indeed, the fourteen lectures, in which the history of European civilization is contained, are fourteen great historical pictures; every one portraying some striking and important fact or event, and displaying, not only in the grouping and throwing out of the principal subject, but likewise in the introduction, disposal, and finish of the minuter details, the conception, the skill, and the workmanship of a master. Still the work is strictly a unity. In the fourteen pictures collectively, we have one great and entire subject—the history of civilization in Europe; and that so told as cannot fail to please and instruct the historian, the student, and the philosopher. Both the typographical execution of the volume, and its externals, are in keeping with its internal excellence.

FIRESIDE EDUCATION. BY THE AUTHOR OF **PETER PARLEY'S TALES.** In one volume. pp. 396. New-York: F. J. HUNTINGTON.

THE importance of public instruction is beginning to be felt with deep solicitude in this country. The necessity of a better system of education than the ingenuity of man has yet discovered, is acknowledged every where. Had there existed a true philosophy of mind, the difficulties which our fathers encountered in devising schemes for mental improvement, would have necessarily been obviated, since the educing of the faculties must have been directed by the same analysis which made them known. Dugald Stewart felt the importance of this truth, but his genius was too circumscribed for its illustration. He had sense enough to appreciate the maxims of Lord Bacon, and he acknowledged the importance of clearing the mind of those antiquated forms of error which obscure the intellectual vision, and cloud it with prejudice; but he wanted that originalness which can perceive the true relations of things, and which is indispensable to the philosophic character. He had not even the sagacity to discover, that, while the Organon of his great master was ever on his lips, he had failed to apply the inductive method in his metaphysics, and was of necessity groping in the dark. How could it be expected that much valuable knowledge were attainable from such unguided speculations, or how could a better system of education be hoped from their conclusions?

It is remarkable, that while the other sciences have advanced under the Baconian guidance, the first of all, because the medium of all, should have actually gone backward. In proof of this, the most popular philosophy of the day is verging toward Platonism, while the sensual system, though it still maintains its ground in certain time-worn seminaries of bad metaphysics, is abandoned by every man who is not behind the age in psychology. This, we must confess, is a good sign. It shows that the sensual scheme of intellectuals was found wanting; that it was not adapted to the condition and wants of men; that it failed to make men wiser and happier, but led them into all imaginable error, and flattered them with conclusions equally false and ruinous. The subtle logic of Hume, in carrying out the principles of sensualism with such unanswerable power, convinced the world, long ago, that their foundation was on the sand. The difficulty, however, lay principally in the want of an instrument by which to upheave the monstrous fabric. Such an instrument has never been found to this day, and we fearlessly attribute the want of it to the insufficiency of our logical attainments. We are apt to attribute to Aristotle all that we possess in dialectics, and it is barely possible that he did in reality accomplish that which is passed to his credit. For ourselves, we never believed that the Stagyrite originated the great work which bears his name. It transcends human belief, if we reflect on it a moment. All knowledge has been gradually progressive, and no man has ever been heard of, who, unaided, accomplished every thing that had been done in a science. Beside, if Aristotle had possessed the stupendous mind necessary for the accomplishment of what is charged to him in this one walk of knowledge, he could not have failed to perceive that its architectural projection was incomplete; that there was something wanting in the proportions of the building, which his genius had not supplied. This deficiency is the very instrument to which we have alluded; a method by which the fallacy of many maxims, received as incontrovertible, may be exposed, and by which the sensual philosophy and its atheistical consequences may be *demonstrated* to be false.

To show that such an instrument is wanting, we would ask some one to point out a rule in Aristotle, or in any of his followers, by which the fallacy may be detected and exposed in such propositions as these: 'Nothing can be made out of nothing;'

'God cannot annihilate space,' etc. These propositions cannot, in the present state of dialectics, be answered argumentatively; and it is because a more perfect analysis of the mental faculties, and a more satisfactory explanation of their modes of affection, have not been developed. Such a development, in our judgment, is nevertheless perfectly practicable, and when effected, will not leave Atheism an inch of ground to stand on. It will enable us to demonstrate that Natural Theology could not have possibly been discovered by unaided human intelligence; that it was, indisputably, subsequent to revelation; that regarded as an effect of *à priori* reasoning, it has been the vantage ground of infidelity, inasmuch as the inconclusiveness of its arguments have been shown, and even where not shown, *felt*, with overwhelming power.

Had the inductive method of investigating mental phenomena been applied by the successors of Lord Verulam, the fundamental principle of knowledge that teaches us to compare the unknown with the known, ought to have suggested the necessity of simply observing *the manner in which the mind acts*; for as the mind *now* acts, so it always must have acted, since nature is ever consistent with herself. The very fact of there being a grammar of reasoning denominated logic, ought to have informed us that the mode of mental action is already known, which involves the fundamental principle of knowledge above mentioned. Instead then of speculating about perception, or any other faculty of mind, we had nothing to do but apply the principles of logic, or in other words, the laws of argumentation, to the matter in hand, which would have led us to these conclusions, viz: that as all knowledge of truth comes from comparison, the first possible idea must have been, as it were, a logical inference; that there must have been two affections of sense, before there could have been one sensible cognition. For instance, an infant, while *en ventre sa mère*, is subjected to the affection of warmth, but it is impossible for it to be knowing of this, because it has never been subjected to an opposite affection. When it becomes exposed to our atmosphere, it has had, for the first time, two affections of sense, from which the first sensation arises, and this sensation or thought is necessarily the result of conception and perception. Though the infant does not remember the mental process, it must have been such, because it is the invariable one through life in acquiring knowledge; and if it had not been so, it would have precluded all systematized methods of reasoning, and made the science and the art of logic impossible.

If the foregoing remarks are correct, they naturally suggest the most important consequences. It will be perceived that the only philosophy of mind discoverable by human agency, will be a perfect system of logic, a system which will leave no fallacy unexposed, which can be involved in any proposition; a system which, by prescribing limits to the discursive faculty, will not attempt to draw conclusions from any juxta-position of ideas, divine and human, unless aided by revelation; a system which must prove the *truth* of revelation, by demonstrating the inadequacy of man's power to reach what it unveils. Any farther philosophy of mind must be revealed to man, for he cannot discover it. While investigating the nature of thought, he forgets that he is thinking, and that the very object of his search is active in its own pursuit.

We have been led to the foregoing remarks, by reflecting on the causes which have been most active in opposing the progress of education. The subject is one of the utmost importance, and demands the attention of every philosophic mind. In our apprehension, no great advancement can be made, till a radical change is effected in mental philosophy, exploding the jargon of metaphysics, and substituting an intelligible and rational view of man. So long as men are exercised among

mere chimeras of imagination, and colleges uphold the most glaring absurdities, under the name of philosophy, education, in its highest degree, must unavoidably be overlooked, and in its lowest, be at least misdirected. We would not, however, be understood as discouraging any effort that can be made to diminish the difficulties which stand in the way of instruction; on the contrary, we would favor every hearty attempt for so laudable an end. Much good has already been done in a practical way, and much more may certainly be accomplished. We already find a more humane and judicious spirit than formerly existed, among instructors; better books, and more exalted motives of action introduced, and much that promises auspiciously to the cause of education. The book whose title is at the head of this notice, is decidedly one of the best manuals of practical education we have ever read. Its object is to instruct parents in bringing out the young mind *at home*, before it goes abroad into the wide world, to be subjected to surrounding influences. The author shows that man was designed by his Creator to be educated, and he then treats of his subject in relation to our physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and illustrates the effect, in after life, of early formation. He clearly enforces the truth, that it is a provision of divine providence that the controlling lessons of life shall be given by parents, whose obligations are considered in relation to their children. Religious and moral instruction are admirably treated; the former without a shade of sectarianism. Indeed, the ethical part of this book strikes us as perfectly unexceptionable. The topics of health, amusements, intellectual culture, etc., are all skilfully managed, and cannot fail to be of assistance to parents.

On the whole, we welcome 'Fireside Education' as a valuable auxiliary in the field of public instruction; for though it cannot do much in breaking up false systems of philosophy, which have heretofore presented insurmountable barriers to the progress of rational knowledge, it will have its use as a pioneer in the war against ignorance and immorality.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND: OR, THE CHASE. By the Author of 'The Pilot,' 'The Spy,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 563. Philadelphia: CARRY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THESE volumes have already passed to a second edition, and the publishers have found it necessary to stereotype the work, in order to supply the increasing demand. Moreover, many of the most spirited passages, which could be separated from the context, and preserve their interest, have been extensively copied in the journals of the day. For these and other sufficient reasons, it is not our purpose to inflict upon the reader an extended review of 'Homeward Bound;' nevertheless, we shall endeavor to convey, in connection with a few brief extracts, our own impression of its merits and defects, derived from a careful perusal. And in the first place, we are free to express our regret, that Mr. COOPER has seen fit to make his novel a vehicle for the expression of private opinion, or promulgation of prejudice, against his own country, her institutions, manners, customs, etc. Our author evidently intends to excuse this course, on one page of his work, wherein he makes one of his characters remark, in effect, that abroad, and among foreigners, an American should never deal too freely with his country's faults, but that at home, he should be the boldest in denouncing the weaknesses and follies of his countrymen. Perhaps so; but according to the writer's own showing, the evidence of these same weaknesses and follies is sought for by the English and French people, with the utmost avidity; and where, let us ask — save in an *individual* point of view, which we admit to be favorable to Mr. COOPER's independence and fearlessness — is the difference, *in effect*, of exposing them, in exaggerated detail, at home, instead of abroad? It may be contended, more-

over, that the hardest things which are said of America, are put into the mouth of a captious, querulous English cynic; yet it cannot be denied, that the other party to the dialogue is furnished with a *pseudo* defence of the Americans, that makes the existence of these same alleged errors and follies appear undeniable, and their number and grossness as beyond palliation or endurance. The sneers at American lawyers; the long conversations touching American cities, the poverty of American scenery, society, and manners; the depreciation of the calling of our merchants; the alleged want of a general regard for religion, were they even as deserved and authentic as Mr. COOPER seems to consider them, his better judgment should have taught him to exclude them from the pages of a mere romance. The errors and follies of one's own country, are themes upon which it is far better to say nothing that is erroneous, than all that is true, and especially in a novel, where, in either case, elaborately introduced, they must be out of place. Steadfast Dodge, the editor of the 'Active Inquirer,' is intended to stand as a fair sample of the editorial fraternity of the United States; a mean, contemptible, cowardly fellow, a perfect negation of every thing honorable or decent. Now what a sweep is here! There are no reservations, whatever. Mr. Dodge, we are told, represents the class, the corps, of editors in this country. It is not enough that there should be some 'Eatanswill Independents,' and 'Little Peddlington Weekly Observers,' among us, (and that there are such, no one will deny,) but the brotherhood of the press must form a *class*, consisting of editorial 'Potts's, and 'Slurk's,' or to descend immeasurably lower in the scale, Mr. Steadfast Dodge's. Such wholesale caricaturing will work Mr. COOPER 'much annoy,' and his reputation no little harm. But we gladly turn to the better features of the work.

Give our author 'the great and wide sea,' and he rides thereon like a literary leviathan. His *home* is on the mountain wave. Scene and character, on this element, are alike felicitous, in his hands. In the former, the imagination is insensibly engaged and inflamed, and in the latter, no one knows better how to avail himself of his experience in observing, and his observation in judging. Captain Truck is a noble specimen of a commander and a genuine tar, although he has demolished our conceptions of the general brevity of sea-faring masters. The escape of the launch, the battle-scenes, the funeral at sea, the death of poor Monday, with kindred passages, and all the scenery of the ocean and machinery of the ship, these lose nothing in our author's hands. Eve Effingham, the rival lovers, and indeed the love story portions altogether, are less to our taste. Eve is dignified and proper, but she is stiltish as well, and *un-youngwomanish*, if we may coin so long a word, to express our meaning. The tone of passion is low, and the 'sentimental action,' to our conception, generally strained throughout. But we are fast breaking our promise with the reader, not to indite a review proper, as well as keeping him from the more acceptable extracts which we have pencilled for his gratification. The first describes the dismissal from the Montauk, of a meddling English attorney, who had sought the ship for the purpose of parting a poor fellow from his wife, for some petty legal purpose of private gain, and who has obstinately adhered to the ship, until she is quite out at sea:

" 'This may turn out a serious matter, Captain Truck, on your return passage! The laws of England are not to be trifled with. Will you oblige me by ordering the steward to hand me a glass of water? Waiting for justice is dry duty, I find.'

" 'Extremely sorry I cannot comply, gentlemen. Vattel has nothing on the subject of watering belligerents, or neutrals, and the laws of Congress compel me to carry so many gallons to the man. If you will take it in the way of a nightcap, however, and drink success to our run to America, and your own to the shore, it shall be in champagne, if you happen to like that agreeable fluid.'

" The attorney was about to express his readiness to compromise on these terms, when a glass of the beverage for which he had first asked was put into his hand by the wife of Robert Davis. He took the water, drank it, and turned from the young woman with the obduracy of one who never suffered feeling to divert him from the pursuit of gain. The wine was brought, and the captain filled the glasses with a seaman's heartiness.

"I drink to your safe return to Mrs. Seal, and the little gods and goddesses of justice, Pan or Mercury, which is it? And as for you, Grab, look out for sharks as you pull in. If they hear of your being afloat, the souls of persecuted sailors will set them on you, as the devil chases male coquettes. Well, gentlemen, you are balked this time; but what matters it? It is but another man got safe out of a country that has too many in it; and I trust we shall meet good friends again this day four months. Even man and wife must part when the hour arrives."

"That will depend on how my client views your conduct on this occasion, Captain Truck: for he is not a man that it is always safe to thwart."

"That for your client, Mr. Seal," returned the captain, snapping his fingers. "I am not to be frightened with an attorney's growl, or a bailiff's nod. You come off with a writ or a warrant, I care not which; I offer no resistance; you hunt for your man, like a terrier looking for a rat, and can't find him; I see the fine fellow, at this moment, on deck; but I feel no obligation to tell you who or where he is; my ship is cleared and I sail, and you have no power to stop me; we are outside of all the headlands, good two leagues and a half off, and some writers say that a gun-shot is the extent of your jurisdiction, once out of which, your authority is not worth half as much as that of my chief cook, who has power to make his mate clean the coppers. Well, sir, you stay here ten minutes longer, and we shall be fully three leagues from your nearest land, and then you are in America, according to law, and a quick passage you will have made of it. Now that is what I call a category."

"As the captain made this last remark, his quick eye saw that the wind had hauled so far round to the westward, as to supersede the necessity of tacking, and that they were actually going eight knots in a direct line from Portsmouth. Casting an eye behind him, he perceived that the cutter had given up the chase, and was returning towards the distant roads. Under circumstances so discouraging, the attorney, who began to be alarmed for his boat, which was flying along on the water, towed by the ship, prepared to take his leave; for he was fully aware that he had no power to compel the other to heave-to his ship, to enable him to get out of her. Luckily the water was still tolerably smooth, and with fear and trembling, Mr. Seal succeeded in blundering into the boat; not, however, until the waterman had warned him of their intention to hold on no longer. Mr. Grab followed, with a good deal of difficulty, and just as a hand was about to let go the painter, the captain appeared at the gangway with the man they were in quest of, and said in his most winning manner:

"Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab; I seldom introduce steerage passengers, but to oblige two old friends I break the rule. That's what I call a category. My compliments to Mrs. Grab. Let go the painter."

"The words were no sooner uttered, than the boat was tossing and whirling in the cauldron left by the passing ship."

Here is a picture of a scene at sea, drawn with the pencil of a master:

"The awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the air that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated. The billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards, like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvass reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was 'wallowing,' nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object; perhaps more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator, pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand."

In a dialogue between Captain Truck and his mate, Leach, we find the annexed allusion to the master's religious experience and opinions. The comparison, at the close, will remind the reader of a kindred simile by Bishop HEBER. The Captain has been speaking of his mother:

"'She taught me to pray,' added the captain, speaking a little thick, 'but since I've

been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for any thing but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to."

"That is the way with all of us; it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for."

"Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins; though he did assert, also, that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched."

"That doctrine makes an easy tide's way of life; for I see no great use in a man's carrying sail and jamming himself up on the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch up on them after all his pains."

"I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make any thing of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was too good a woman to stick long to a course that had not truth to back it."

"Why not believe it, heartily, sir, and let the wheel fly? One gets to the end of the v'y'ge on this tack as well as on another."

"There is no great difficulty in working up to or even through the passage of death, Leach, but the great point is to know the port we are to moor in finally. * * Life is like a passage at sea. We feel our way cautiously until off soundings on our own coast, and then we have an easy time of it in the deep water; but when we get near the shoals again, we take out the lead, and mind a little how we steer. It is the going off and coming on the coast, that gives us all the trouble."

A very affecting scene is presented in the death of the brave Monday, and the religious consolations offered him, *in extremis*, by Captain Truck:

"We must comfort him," Leach, whispered the captain; "for I see he is fetching up in the old way, as was duly laid down by our ancestors in the platform. First, groanings and views of the devil, and then consolation and hope. We have got him into the first category, and we ought now, in justice, to bring-to, and heave a strain to help him through it."

"They generally give 'em prayer, in the river, in this stage of the attack," said Leach. "If you can remember a short prayer, sir, it might ease him off." * * The old man looked awkwardly about him, turned the key of the door, wiped his eyes, gazed wistfully at the patient, gave his mate a nudge with his elbow to follow his example, and knelt down with a heart momentarily as devout as is often the case with those who minister at the altar. He retained the words of the Lord's prayer, and these he repeated aloud, distinctly, and with fervor, though not with a literal conformity to the text. Once Mr. Leach had to help him to the word. When he rose, the perspiration stood on his forehead, as if he had been engaged in severe toil.

"Perhaps nothing could have occurred more likely to strike the imagination of Mr. Monday than to see one, of the known character and habits of Captain Truck, thus wrestling with the Lord in his own behalf. Always obtuse and dull of thought, the first impression was that of wonder; awe and contrition followed. Even the mate was touched, and he afterwards told his companion on deck, that 'the hardest day's work he had ever done, was lending a hand to rouse the captain through that prayer.'"

Take this sketch of the last Saturday-night at sea, previous to the arrival of the Montauk off Sandy Hook. The frank, noble-hearted captain observes its return with his accustomed spirit, and love of the time, enhanced, in the present instance, by imminent perils safely passed, and the haven where he would be, in speedy prospect:

"This is the last Saturday-night, gentlemen, that I shall probably ever have the honor of passing in your good company," said Captain Truck, as he disposed of the pitchers and glasses before him, so that he had a perfect command of the appliances of the occasion. "And I feel it to be a gratification with which I would not willingly dispense. We are now to the westward of the Gulf, and, according to my observations and calculations, within a hundred miles of Sandy Hook, which, with this mild south-west wind, and our weatherly position, I hope to be able to show you some time about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Quicker passages have been made certainly, but forty days, after all, is no great matter for the westerly run, considering that we have had a look at Africa, and are walking on crutches."

"We owe a great deal to the trades," observed Mr. Effingham; "which have treated us as kindly toward the end of the passage, as they seemed reluctant to join us in the commencement. It has been a momentous month, and I hope we shall all retain faithful recollections of it as long as we live."

"No one will retain as grateful recollections of it as myself, gentlemen," resumed

the captain. 'You had no agency in getting us into the scrape, but the greatest possible agency in getting us out of it. Without the knowledge, prudence, and courage that you have all displayed, God knows what would have become of the poor Montauk, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you, each and all, while I have the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing you around me, and of drinking to your future health, happiness and prosperity.'

"'Come, gentlemen,' he continued; 'let us fill and do honor to the night. God has us all in his holy keeping, and we drift about in the squalls of life, pretty much as he orders the wind to blow. 'Sweethearts and wives!'"

We cannot close this notice, without offering a few remarks upon the manner in which reference is now generally made to Mr. COOPER, as an author, since the unhappy feud, for such it is, which has sprung up, and gradually increased, between himself and his countrymen. We well remember the time, when all New-York was astir with a public dinner to the author of the 'Spy' and the 'Pioneers;' when the public journals and literary periodicals were loud and unanimous in his praise, and his name was in every body's mouth; and when his wide reputation abroad, was the pride of his countrymen at home. Is this the man, we cannot help asking ourselves, who is now denounced, in respectable periodicals, as 'a writer without talent, above the ordinary level, and his scenes as conveying to a stranger no permanent impression?' The celebrity of which we have been speaking, was deserved. Many of the scenes which COOPER has depicted, will live as long as the English language is read and spoken. Even the faults of his productions are preferable to the tame insipidities and corrupt morals of most modern novels. He has never sacrificed to the deities of Passion and Humbug. If he has not drawn woman with the glowing pencil of an enthusiastic artist, and the natural passion of a lover, neither has he labored to destroy her modesty and caution; to facilitate the acquisition of easy vice, and encumber the difficulty of virtue. What though, at times, our Homer not only nods but snores? What though, mistaking his forte, he upreared that monument of worse than useless labor, '*statua erecta stultitia*,' 'The Monnikins,' which, so far as we can learn, but one man, under the influence of stubborn curiosity, ever read entirely through? Is he the only eminent writer who has sometimes failed? Should the critical lash still be applied, on account of this and other lapses, with force enough to penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros? Are not the 'Spy,' the 'Pioneers,' the 'Pilot,' and 'Lionel Lincoln' his, also? Who can forget them? Is there not in all these fine original productions enough of good to lessen present animosity, and to atone for much that has been brought against our author? — acerbity of feeling, prejudice, and uncharitableness toward his countrymen, who, from extra petting, have turned to ultra chastisement. Let us exercise a little of that charity 'which suffereth long, and is kind.' Let us not forget the past. It is not the part of wisdom to say, that we will not speak soft words to Mr. COOPER, until he recalls all the hard ones he has spoken, more in sorrow, at the first, perhaps, than in anger. Let the silent disapprobation of public opinion, if need be, correct misplaced dalliance with unprofitable or interdicted subjects. Books that are not read, are not sold, and books that are not sold, are not written. In the meantime, let it be borne in mind, that scarcely another American author has made his country and his country's literature so favorably known abroad. Ask the continental traveller, and the temporary sojourner in the cities of France, Italy, and Switzerland, if he saw in their book-stores any late work of an American author, and he will tell you, 'None, save those of COOPER.' And beside FRANKLIN and IRVING, perhaps he is almost the only American writer who has a reputation on the continent. The ultimate effect of a due remembrance of these things will be, that mutual animosity will gradually subside, and the fine genius of our countryman, now in the prime of life and manhood, will play out its variations, unfettered by kindled prejudices, and untrammelled by awakened remembrance of real persecution, or fancied wrong.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN GREECE, TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND POLAND. By the Author of 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land.' In two volumes 12mo. pp. 543. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

JUST two weeks after the publication of these volumes, we sat down with our dog's-eared copy, and a long slip of memoranda, to concoct a notice of the work which should do justice to its rich variety of topic, the nonchalance and inexhaustible bonhomie of the author, and the easy flow of his unaffected style, when a friend at our elbow read aloud a paragraph from a daily journal, past all doubt authentic, setting forth that a third large edition of the volumes was hurrying through the press! This intelligence changed our purpose. We could not think of elaborating praise of a book which had made such universal acquaintance with the public. A review thus sent forth, would be like a letter of introduction, arriving after your friend, in whose behalf it was penned, had thoroughly ingratiated himself with the family, whose kind offices were solicited for him. All we have to say, therefore, is to advise those who have *not* read, to buy and read, these 'Incidents of Travel.' And even this advice is doubtless unnecessary. We predict that the work will reach six editions, in less than the same number of months. We arrange on a string a cluster of extracts, selected at random, and affording some idea of the agreeable variety which is a characteristic of the volumes:

GREECE.—TEMPLE OF DIANA, EPHEBUS—RUINS.

"Topographers have fixed the site on the plain, near the gate of the city which opened to the sea. The sea, which once almost washed the walls, has receded or been driven back for several miles. For many years a new soil has been accumulating, and all that stood on the plain, including so much of the remains of the temple as had not been plundered and carried away by different conquerors, is probably now buried many feet under its surface.

"It was dark when I returned to Aysalook. I had remarked, in passing, that several caravans had encamped there, and on my return found the camel-drivers assembled in the little coffee-house in which I was to pass the night. I soon saw that there were so many of us that we should make a tight fit in the sleeping part of the khan, and immediately measured off space enough to fit my body, allowing turning and kicking room. I looked with great complacency upon the light slippers of the Turks, which they always throw off, too, when they go to sleep, and made an ostentatious display of a pair of heavy iron-nailed boots, and, in lying down, gave one or two preliminary thumps to show them that I was restless in my movements, and, if they came too near me, these iron-nailed boots would be uncomfortable neighbors."

"In the morning I again went over to the ruins. Daylight, if possible, added to their effect; and a little thing occurred, not much in itself, but which, under the circumstances, fastened itself upon my mind in such a way that I shall never forget it. I had read that here, in the stillness of the night, the jackall's cry was heard; that, if a stone was rolled, a scorpion or lizard slipped from under it; and, while picking our way slowly along the lower part of the city, a wolf of the largest size came out above, as if indignant at being disturbed in his possessions. He moved a few paces toward us with such a resolute air that my companions both drew their pistols; then stopped, and gazed at us deliberately as we were receding from him, until, as if satisfied that we intended to leave his dominions, he turned and disappeared among the ruins. It would have made a fine picture; the Turk first, then the Greek, each with a pistol in his hand, then myself, all on horseback, the wolf above us, the valley, and the ruined city. I feel my inability to give you a true picture of these ruins. Indeed, if I could lay before you every particular, block for block, fragment for fragment, here a column and there a column, I could not convey a full idea of the desolation that marks the scene.

"To the Christian, the ruins of Ephesus carry with them a peculiar interest; for here, upon the wreck of heathen temples, was established one of the earliest Christian churches; but the Christian church has followed the heathen temple, and the worshippers of the true God have followed the worshippers of the great goddess Diana; and in the city where Paul preached, and where, in the words of the apostle, 'much people were gathered unto the Lord,' now not a solitary Christian dwells. Verily, in the prophetic language of inspiration, the 'candlestick is removed from its place;' a curse seems to have fallen upon it, men shun it, not a human being is to be seen among its ruins; and Ephesus, in faded glory and fallen grandeur, is given up to birds and beasts of prey, a monument and a warning to nations."

SMYRNA.—A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

"There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger, and, perhaps, to death; but glory waits him if he falls, and while she weeps she is proud. Before I went abroad the only missionary I ever knew I despised, for I believed him to be a canting hypocrite; but I saw much of them abroad, and made many warm friends among them; and, I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his aching head; she smooths his pillow of sickness; and, after months of wearisome silence, I have entered her dwelling, and her heart instinctively told her that I was from the same land. I have been welcomed as a brother; answered her hurried, and anxious, and eager questions; and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East. I have left her dwelling burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again. I bore a fetter to a father, which was opened by a widowed mother."

RUSSIA.—SERFS.

"The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change masters but cannot be torn from their connexions or their birth-place. One sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts, many have been enfranchised, and become burghers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property and subject to the absolute control of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand; and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labor of these serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia, settles in a city, and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw at Moscow an old mongik who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth, and the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck; struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave."

"The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint's day or fête day of the church is a holyday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but, wanting the spirit of a free agent, and feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labors grudgingly for his master, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labor like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never even thinking of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labor; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holydays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia show the truth of the judicious reflection of Catharine II., 'that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property.' It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or, in case of invasion, raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers."

MOSCOW.—RETROSPECTION.

"Toward evening I returned to my favorite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write? Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan

Veliki; below, a solitary soldier, in his gray overcoat, was retiring to a sentry-box to avoid a drizzling rain. His eyes were fixed upon me, and I closed my book. I am not given to musing, but I could not help it. Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles and a march of more than two thousand miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow, and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite even to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her three hundred thousand inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches left behind, as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight the flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers labored to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police-officers were seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances; hideous-looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames, armed with torches, and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze; and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames and exclaimed, 'What a tremendous spectacle! These are Scythians indeed.' Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city. Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with the shadow of great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of barbarians; but what is there in those lands which stand forth on the pages of history, crowned with the glory of their ancient deeds, that for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity, and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning of Moscow. Neither Marathon, nor Thermopylæ, nor the battle of the Horatii, nor the defence of Cocles, nor the devotion of the Decii, can equal it; and when time shall cover with its dim and quiet glories that bold and extraordinary deed, the burning of Moscow will be regarded as outstripping all that we read of Grecian or Roman patriotism, and the name of the Russian governor (Rostopchin,) if it be not too tough a name to hand down to posterity, will never be forgotten.

"On the last day of my stay in Moscow a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fête was in course of celebration. After the crowd dispersed, I strolled once more through the repository of heirlooms, and imperial reliques and trophies; but, passing by the crowns loaded with jewels, the canopies and thrones adorned with velvet and gold, I paused before the throne of unhappy Poland! I have seen great cities desolate and in ruins, magnificent temples buried in the sands of the African desert, and places once teeming with fertility now lying waste and silent; but no monument of fallen greatness ever affected me more than this. It was covered with blue velvet and studded with golden stars. It had been the seat of Casimir, and Sobieski, and Stanislaus Augustus. Brave men had gathered round it and sworn to defend it, and died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves; Poland is blotted from the list of nations, and her throne unspotted with dishonor, brilliant as the stars which glitter on its surface, is exhibited as a Russian trophy, before which the stoutest manhood need not blush to drop a tear."

POLAND.—THE GREAT BATTLE OF GROKOW.

"Upon the borders of the great forest opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded by the Grand-duke Constantine. Against this immense army the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon, under the command of General Skrzynecki. At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with six thousand five hundred men and twelve pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succor, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but foiled in this as upon the left, Diebitsch directed his strength against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer who was in the battle told me that the small streams which intersected the forest were so choked with dead that the infantry marched directly over their

bodies. The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably-executed manœuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

"At three o'clock the generals, many of whom were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, 'Well, then, it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace.' The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unremitting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sangfroid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated that, of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the 'Invincibles,' not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of 'Poland for ever,' reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day, that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two thirds of the officers, and, perhaps, of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. Thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewn with the bodies, that it received from that day the name of the 'Forest of the Dead.' The Czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw.

"All day, my companion said, the cannonading was terrible. Crowds of citizens, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled on the spot where we stood, earnestly watching the progress of the battle, sharing in all its vicissitudes, in the highest state of excitement as the clearing up of the columns of smoke showed when the Russians or the Poles had fled; and he described the entry of the remnant of the Polish army into Warsaw as sublime and terrible; their hair and faces were begrimed with powder and blood; their armor shattered and broken, and all, even dying men, were singing patriotic songs; and when the fourth regiment, among whom was a brother of my companion, and who had particularly distinguished themselves in the battle, crossed the bridge and filed slowly through the streets, their lances shivered against the cuirasses of the guards, their helmets broken, their faces black and spotted with blood, some erect, some tottering, and some barely able to sustain themselves in the saddle, above the stern chorus of patriotic songs rose the distracted cries of mothers, wives, daughters, and lovers, seeking among this broken band for forms dearer than life, many of whom were then sleeping on the battle-field. My companion told me that he was then a lad of seventeen, and had begged with tears to be allowed to accompany his brother; but his widowed mother extorted from him a promise that he would not attempt it. All day he had stood with his mother on the very spot where we did, his hand in hers, which she grasped convulsively, as every peal of cannon seemed the knell of her son; and when the lancers passed, she sprang from his side as she recognised in the drooping figure of an officer, with his spear broken in his hand, the figure of her gallant boy. He was then reeling in his saddle, his eye was glazed and vacant, and he died that night in her arms."

The volumes are handsomely executed, and embellished with wood engravings, and a good map. We are glad to hear that the work has been reprinted in England. It will be well received there, we doubt not, since the former volumes of the author met with signal favor abroad.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE FINE ARTS. — The time has been, when the Fine Arts were little regarded on this side of the Atlantic, save by a very few, who, favored by fortune, had visited Europe, and there became inoculated, as it were, with an exotic taste. The most wealthy and refined of the early settlers in this country, brought with them the portraits of themselves and their families, and, in a few instances, of their sovereigns, or their patrons. These constitute the earliest specimens of painting in the North American colonies; and some of them, we are informed, are still to be found in the old families in Maryland, Virginia, New-York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, while others have been gathered into the collections of the historical societies, or the Museums of our principal cities. When the second and third generations of the Anglo-Saxon colonists began to visit Europe, on public or private business, they frequently returned with their portraits painted there; and although there was probably no professional artist in the country, after the earliest years of the Jamestown settlement, until Smybert came out with Dean Berkley, there are several families in the United States, who can show the portraits of their ancestors, from the first settlement of the colonies, in an unbroken line, to our own time. Smybert, Copley, Stuart, and Trumbull, followed each other in the order we have named them, each succeeding artist, however, being for a time contemporary with his predecessor. Portraits of the early colonists, painted in Europe, are in good preservation in many places. Of Smybert's pictures, the best is in the Trumbull Gallery at New-Haven; Copley's, many of them very beautiful, are numerous at Cambridge and Boston; Stuart's are scattered every where through the country, and Trumbull's are equally numerous, and are still increasing in number, although the venerable artist has passed his eighty-second year. From the settlement of the colonies, to the formation of the federal government, there do not exist more than two or three sketches, or historical pictures, or other *compositions* than portraits, which were painted in America. What a change has taken place since that period! What a change, indeed, within the last twenty-five years! A painter of talent and distinction is no longer a *rara avis* among us, nor are pictures confined to the houses of the few. A taste has been slowly but surely obtaining among all classes of our people; and although a very few can be considered competent to speak of pictures learnedly, yet a large proportion of the respectable inhabitants of our cities and towns may be set down as amateurs. We are of opinion that in no part of the world, at the present day, does there exist so generally diffused and correct a taste for the productions of the pencil and the graver, as in the United States. The people of this country have not access to splendid galleries of paintings, as have the inhabitants of Italy, France, and Germany, but they have the means of acquiring information through books, which those nations have not; and by making the best use of the few opportunities which are here afforded of seeing occasional exhibitions, combined with extensive reading, and a natural acuteness of intellect, we are confident that a much larger proportion of Americans can exercise a correct judgment on, and understand the merits of, a good picture, than in any part of the European continent. If this position be correct, it may confidently be asked, taking into view the small means hitherto afforded, what rapid progress might not the Fine Arts make, if the means of intercourse between the public and the artists were rendered more constant and easy? Why is it, that in this metropolis, with a permanent population of three

hundred thousand, and an ever-flowing current of strangers passing to and fro, we have no place to which either ourselves or our visitors may resort, for the purpose of seeing or purchasing pictures, save for two brief months, in the opening of the year? Some such establishment has long been required in this city, and such an one, we are well pleased to learn, is soon to be opened at 'THE APOLLO,' in Broadway, under the management of Mr. JAMES HERRING, himself an artist, but more extensively known as the Editor of the 'National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans;' a work projected by him, (and now nearly completed,) in the face of a multitude of obstacles which would have appalled most other men; a work, moreover, which has put upward of thirty thousand dollars into the pockets of native artists. But this in passing. Our purpose was to speak of Mr. Herring's new project for the advancement of the arts. We have visited the interior, and heard a rapid *overture* to the design, which, as we understand, is to make the institution a place for the *constant* intercourse of the artists and the public; a *dépot* for the exhibition and sale of paintings, engravings, sculpture, books on the arts and sciences, and history, particularly American history; in short, to supply just such a place as the artists and the public want, and have long needed. The establishment will be opened near the middle of September, with an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, engravings, drawings, etc., the efforts of modern artists. The works of such as have been for many years separated, will be here united, for the common purposes of all. Artists of remote cities have an interest in the support of this institution, equal to our own; for their works will here become extensively known, and can be kept continually before the public. Those who have pictures for sale, will here find a suitable place of deposit, without the necessity of resorting to the degradation of an auction-room. Here, the amateur, who wishes to purchase, can examine at his leisure, and parents can take their children, to communicate useful and delightful instruction. For these and other kindred reasons, we cordially recommend 'THE APOLLO' to general favor, confident that it will every where meet with good wishes.

THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC EDIFICES. — Many hundred years ago, according to NICHOMACHUS, the faithful servant of the noble PISO, did that worthy man pause in his peregrinations around the aspiring nucleus of after Rome, to observe the labors of the artificers engaged upon the magnificent edifices of that world-renowned metropolis. Some such thoughts doubtless passed through his mind, in relation to the probable destiny of the 'eternal city,' as come to our own, while gazing on the various public buildings which have been commenced, and are finished, or verging toward completion, in this metropolis of the empire state, in the new world. To say nothing of numerous churches and other buildings, we have for years had a general, and not seldom a very particular, supervision of all the more prominent edifices of the town, while in process of erection. The long timbers of wood, which, far down in their oozy bed, support the deep stone foundations of the 'Halls of Justice,' were laid in our presence; and we watched that noble Egyptian structure, through all its gradations, until its keys were placed in the hands of the fathers of the city. From the first hour of annoyance by the dust, raised in the demolition of the old brick buildings at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, to make room for the new Custom-House, up to the present moment, we have had an eye upon that superb edifice. When, at one period, the labor seemed to languish, and one man only, industriously pecking with a small hammer the huge block of marble upon which he was perched, received the visits of the several commissioners, who drew eight dollars a day for superintending him, under the head of 'the erection,' no one grieved more at the slow progress than ourselves; and surely no one more ardently admires its exquisite ornaments, and faultless proportions, now that it is 'looking up in the world.' Ask its accomplished artist, Mr. FRAZEE, else. So too of the new 'Merchants' Exchange.' From the very rubbish of the old, step by step, have we followed it up, from the foundation, and the immense single circular arch that over-

spreads it, to the groined arches above, and the rich slabs and pillars of polished Italian marble, from which will swell the dome over the great hall. As we have surveyed these fine works of art, springing up around us, and remembered that other and similar edifices were rising in the sister cities of our great country, great, but an infant still, we have asked ourselves, 'When will the cities of this glorious republic reach their topmost height, and begin to recede into chaos and old night, like the cities of Greece and Rome? What gorgeous architectural monuments are destined to arise ere then! What churches, and towers, and temples! But they will fade, in the lapse of ages, like the baseless fabric of a vision, and generations will look back upon them and their builders, as we in the nineteenth century look through the mists of time upon the ruined empires and vanished nations of the old world. Thus it is with man and with the works of man. So hath it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. 'Generation after generation,' in the language of the eloquent TEUFFELSDRÖCKH, 'takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night, APPEARS. What force and fire is in each, he expends. One grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine height of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rock of strife, in war with his fellow; and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon, even to sense, becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage. On the hardest adamant, some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read some traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery — from God and to God.'

MORE OF THE 'YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE.' — The brief extracts which we recently gave from the correspondence of Mr. YELLOWPLUSH, have radiated so widely around us, in all the public journals, of city and country, that we feel encouraged to afford the reader a more copious taste of his quality. Before touching upon his 'works,' it may be well to give a slight sketch of his history. He tells us that his mother called him 'CHARLES EDWARD HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yallow livery.' Our hero does not know why the name of a part of 'this gentlman's dress' should have been given him; 'praps,' he adds, 'he was my father; though on this subjic I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry. I may be illygitimit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had gentlmanly tastes through life, and do n't doubt that I come of a gentlmanly origum.' Some idea of his mother may be gained from this disclosure: 'Why, I can't say, but I always past as her nevyou. We led a strange life. Sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kissis and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang.' A 'benev'lent gentlman' who saw him, fearful that his 'morrils would be corrupted,' in such society, put him to a London free school, where 'the young gentlmen wore green braize coats, yellor lether whatsinames, a tin plate on their left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing.' Here he staid 'sicks years,' but subsequently a 'suckmstance happened,' which procured him a situation as 'tiger to a handsome young gentlman, who kept a tilbury and a ridin' hoss at livery.' This was the hero of 'Miss Shum's Husband,' a man who lived mysteriously in good style, in London, and in whom Miss Shum found an 'affekshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming,' until one fine morning it was discovered that his secret occupation was sweeping the crossing of a public thoroughfare!

After this discovery, Mr. and Mrs. Shum remove to Germany, where they are much 'respectid as pipples of propaty.'

When next we meet with Mr. Yellowplush, he has turned critic, upon the 'Diary of the Times of George the Fourth,' which he considers trenching upon his ground, 'and favrite subjicks, wiz: fashnable life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility and rile family.' 'Altho,' says he, 'this *dairy* is likely searusly to injer my pussonal intrest, by fourstalling a deal of what I had to say in my privit memoars; though many, many guineas is taken from my pockit, by cuttin' short the tail of my narratif; though much that I had to say in souperior languidge, greased with all the ellygance of my oratry, the benefick of my classicle reding, the chawms of my agreble wit, is thus abruply brot before the world by an inferor genus, nether knoing nor riting English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am pufickly prepared to say, to ganesay which no man can say a word, yet I say that I say, I consider this publication welkom. Fur from vuing it with enfy, I greet it with applaws, because it increases that most exlent specious of nollidge, I mean *fashnable nollidge*, compayred to which all other nollidge is nonsense.' Mr. Yellowplush satirizes the character of a noble rascal mentioned in certain records of the 'Diary,' after the subjoined fashion. The subject is one of a large class, both in England and America:

'A disgustin pictur of human natur indeed! See what it is to be a morl man of fashu. Fust, he scrapes togither all the bad stoaries about all the people of his aquentence; he goes to a ball, and laffs or snears at every body there; he is asked to dinner, and brings away, along with his meat and wind (wine) to his heart's content, a sour stomik, filled with nasty stoaries of all the pipples present there. He has such a squeemish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him.'

Mr. Yellowplush is more agreeable, however, as a story-teller, than as a critic. His effective points are managed with admirable skill. Nothing can be more dramatic and picturesque than his history of Mr. Deuceace, a 'mussnary' English fortune-hunter and gambler, who endeavors to retrieve his losses and excesses, by marrying a sentimental, hump-backed old maid, in Paris, whom he fancies to be a rich heiress. He was as sure of it, indeed, 'as any mortal man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttin except unsuttinty.' He 'rackryates' continually with his intended victim, often 'riding in the Boddy Balong, going to the Twillaries,' etc., as our author terms the Bois de Boulogne and the Tuilleries. Mr. Deuceace 'works his card' in the family after the most approved manner of mere 'men of the world':

'He made his appearaans reglar at church, me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the sams and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you'd have thought, as I graivly laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before survice began, that such a pious, proper, morl young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they spoke of him, and vovd they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris, before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortunately, most of them were poar; and love and a cottidge was not quite, in master's way of thinking.'

With such plausibility, good looks, and the ability to be 'sarcastix, sentrymentle, and tender,' by turns, it is not surprising that he should succeed in making himself an 'accepted draft' on a prospective 'inkum' of nine hundred a year. But he is foiled. It is all a trick of the crooked maiden's mother, who holds the money, which, with her not uncomely person, she finally bestows upon Mr. Deuceace's father, a fat, sly, heartless old earl of sixty, who is more than a match for the son, cunning and wary as he is. After the engagement, 'skoars of rose-colored *billydoos*, folded up like cock-hats, and smel-lin' like barbers'-shops,' were showered upon the bridegroom *in futuro*:

'Miss was always a writing them befoar; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, brekfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry, (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out), was pufickly intprable from the odor of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other sense, with which they were impregnated. Here's the contense of one on 'em, which I've kept in my dex these twenty years as a skewriosity. Faw! I can smel it at this very minit, as I am copying it down.

"Monday Morning, 2 o'clock.
'T is the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful,

my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day? Twelve! one! two! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession, I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your

MATILDA?

'This was the *first* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poor footmin, Fitzclarence, at sick's o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and weak master at that extrordinary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him when he red it; he cramp'd it up, and he cust and swear, applyin to the lady who roat, and the genl'm that brogt it, and me who introjuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldom hered, except at Billinixgit. The fact is this, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong, and sentym'ntle. But that was her way; she was always reading melancholy stoary books, Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of Mac Whirter, and such like.

'After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntse's.'

Mr. Deuceace, it should be premised, had previously made strong non-committal love to the mother, until he found, or thought he had found, that the hump-back was the favorite in her father's will. He apologizes to the mother, ('a little flumy costs no think,') for treating her so 'scuvvily,' in a tender, 'respectful speech.' 'Grave and sorrowful, he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low, adgitated voice, call'd Hevn to witness how he deplord that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnit ideer; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would akcep the same, and a deal more flumy of the kind, with dark, sollum glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pockit hankercher.' The fire of revenge, however, burns secretly in the bosom of mamæ. She purposely puts Mr. Deuceace and an odd French 'shevalliai' by the ears. The latter provokes a duel, by a premeditated dinner-table accident, whereby, in carving, the gravy is upset, and in the words of Mr. Yellowplush, 'a great blob of brown soss spurted on to his master's chick, and myandrewd down his shert-collar and virging-white weskit.' A meeting is the consequence, and through an inflamed wound, which he receives, our hero loses his right hand at the wrist. His servant says, 'I never sea a man look so like a devvle as he use to sometimes, when he looked down at the stump.' To add to his amiable feelings, his London creditors find means to reach him in Paris. He evades them, however, by donning Mr. Yellowplush's livery, and leaving his tiger as his *locum tenens*. The escape is well described:

'Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt; it was lucky for him that he had the strenth to move. 'Sir, sir,' says I, 'the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life!'

'Bailiffs,' says he: 'nonsense! I do n't, thank heaven, owe a shilling to any man.'

'Stuff, sir,' says I, forgetting my respect; 'do n't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment.'

'As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were, sure enough!

'What was to be done? Quick as lightning. I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the door.

'Master throws open the salong door very gravely, and touching *my* hat, says, 'Have you any orders about the cab, sir?'

'Why, no, Chawls,' says I, 'I shan't drive out to-day.'

'The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers,) and says, in French, as master goes out, 'I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques Francois Lebrun, of Paris,' and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them, sure enough.

'Take a chair, sir,' says I; and down he sits: and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad axdent, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busm, and so on.

'At last, after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

'The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. 'Hola!' says he; 'gendarmes! à moi! à moi! Je suis floué, volé,' which means, in English, that he was reglar sold.

'The jondarnes jumpt into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing gownd, and flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs I ever see.

'I then pinte'd myjestickly — to what do you think? — to my PLUSH TITES! them sellybrated inigepressables, which have rendered me *faymous* in Youroupe.

'Taking the hint, the jondarnes and the servnts rord out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

'I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.'

Mr. Yellowplush is duly elated at the near approach of the day that is to 'unite in the

bonds of Hyming the Honrable Algernon Percy Deuceace, Esquire,' with his hump-backed inamorata, and his master seems to share his pleasurable anticipations :

'Chawls,' says he, handing me over a tenpun note, 'Here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs : when you are married, you shall be my valet out of livry, and I'll treble your salary.'

'His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought I, here's a chance — a vallit to ten thousand a-year. Nothink to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my wiskers grow ; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day ; muffings every night in the housekeeper's room ; the pick of the gals in the servants' hall ; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppera bone reglar once a-week. I knew what a vallit was as well as any genlman in service ; and this I can tell you, he's generally a happier, idler, handsomer, more genlmanly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlman *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockets ; more suxsess among the gals ; as good dinners, and as good wind — that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in cors they will be, if they know which way their interest lies. But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*.'

After another arrest and imprisonment, just as the ceremony is about to take place, and divers other adventures, *the day arrives*. 'I don't wish,' says our biographer :

'I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary — how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple ; how one of the embassy footman was called in to witness the marridge ; how miss wep and faintid, as usual ; and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the first weak of the honey-moon. They took no servants, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postillion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrable Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father.'

On the return of the pair from their honey-moon tour, they find the marriage-cards of Earl and Countess Crabs — Mr. Deuceace's father, and his 'deformed transformed' partner's mother — at their lodgings. A spirited and dramatic scene ensues, wherein the fortune-hunter learns from the earl that his wife is dowerless, and that he himself must not expect a shilling's income from either branch of the Crabs' union. The dénouement is thus sketched by Mr. Yellowplush, who has been bribed to enter the earl's family, and whose opinions toward his former master change thereafter with ludicrous rapidity :

'About three months after, when the seson was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaf was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me, and Mortimer, were taking a stroll in the Boddy Balong, the carridge driving on slowly a head, and us as happy as possibl, admiring the plesut woods, and the gooldn sunset.

'My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the aegsquizit beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of butifle and virtuous sentaments, sootable to the hour. It was daliteffe to hear him. 'Ah !' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this ; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies, a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air !'

'Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the inflinfts of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carridge drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

'Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean before. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons ; a torn bat was on his head, and great quantities of matted hair and wiskers disfigured his countinnts. He was not shaved, and as pail as stone.

'My lord and lady didh tak the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carridge. Me and Mortimer lickwise took *our* places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

'No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstreme dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

'DEUCEACE turned round. I saw his face now — the face of a devvle of hell ! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pintoed to it with his maimed arm ; then he raised the other, and *struck the woman by his side*. She fell, screaming.

'Poor thing ! poor thing !'

Since the above was placed in type, we have received, by a very late arrival from England, the conclusion of Mr. Yellowplush's literary labors. Sorry are we to part with him. He permits us, however, to hope that we may yet hear from him again. He says, in conclusion :

'The end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondence. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public ; becaws I fancy reely that we've become frends, and deal, for my part, a becoming greaf at saing ajew. It's impossibl for me to continyow, however, a-writin, as I have done, violetoing the rules of autography, and trampin on the first principls of English gramar. Wen I began, I new no better ; wen I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustind to writin, I began to smel out somethink queer in my style. Within the last six weeks I've been larning to spell ; and wen all the world was rejoicing at the festivatives of our youthful quean — wen all I's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambadors and princes, folwing the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlataia, and blinkin at the pearls and dimine of Prince

Oystereasy, Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry ; *his eyes* was fixt on the spellin-book ; his hart was bent on masting the difficketies of the littery professhu. I have been, in fact, *convertid*. I don't wear plush any more. I am an alterm, a wiser, and I trust a better man. I'm about a novvle, (having made great progriss in spelin,) in the stile of my frend Edmund Lytting Bullwig ; and pre-paring for pulgation, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, 'The lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Wash-erwomen.'

MUSIC. — There has been, within a few years, a decided improvement in the musical taste of this city, which will doubtless continue, while a proper encouragement is given to professors of acknowledged celebrity to reside among us. Hence we are glad to learn, that Mr. WATSON, the able musical director at NIBLO's, and under whose direction the Italian Opera was so successfully produced at that establishment, has determined to remain permanently in New-York, and devote himself to instruction in vocal music and the piano-forte. Of his capability as a teacher, it is superfluous to speak. His reputation is so firmly established, that we hazard nothing in predicting, that he will be eminently successful. Miss CLARENCE WELLS, a pupil of his, and a sister of his gifted lady, has recently made a most successful début at Niblo's Garden, in Storace's Opera of 'No Song, No Supper.' She exhibited evidences of the best instruction, and will, in time, we doubt not, become a very popular vocalist. We hope soon to have an opportunity of hearing her, in conjunction with Mrs. WATSON, whose long absence has been generally regretted by the lovers of music. It has been stated, and we hope on good authority, that Mr. WATSON is shortly to produce a new opera, in which both these ladies will have leading characters. We scarcely need say, that in this, as in all other undertakings for the advancement of musical science, he has our cordial good wishes for his success.

MILITARY TITLES. — Right glad are we to perceive, that some of our most reputable journals have recently seen fit to rebuke, in terms of merited contempt, the ridiculous practice, so very common among us, 'of tacking a major, or a colonel, or a general, to any body's name who has happened, at any time of his life, to show himself in public with a cocked hat, and a gaudy suit of regimentals.' So generally has this weakness obtained, that many are endowed with military adjuncts, who would deem their legitimate possession any thing but a desirable acquisition ; while others, of smaller intellect, have been content to wear, without possessing, them, because — save the mark ! — they imagined it conferred distinction. We know several good-natured personages who 'train' in this last-named division. The silly ambition has long been ridiculed abroad, and lately at home, until it has come to be seen in its true light. In an amusing Yankee story, in an English magazine before us, a person informs the stage-coach driver, with whom he is riding on the box, that he has just been fined by General Twist, the tailor, for not standing out from the ranks to be reviewed. The driver is also a militia officer, it would seem, and he speaks, in describing certain road-side mishaps, of a fellow coachman who rejoices in similar honors : 'I cut myself once, considerable, in oversettin' on these stuns, when I druv in the 'Citizens' Line,' and Colonel Tompkins, that driv in the 'Commercial Line,' was killed jest about ag'in this same spot !' Our accomplished traveller, Mr. STEPHENS, in describing the review of the Russian army, observes : 'When strains of martial music burst from a hundred bands, and companies, and regiments, and brigades, wheeled and manœuvred before me, and the earth shook under the charge of cavalry, I felt a strong martial spirit roused within me. Perhaps I was excited by the reflection, that these soldiers had been in battles, and that the stars and medals glittering on their breasts were not merely holiday ornaments, but the tokens of desperate service on bloody battle-fields.' It will not surprise the reader to learn, that in our author's opinion, this review 'rather surpassed a military parade of the 'New-York Brigade,' at home.' Indeed, he seems to hold a proper estimate of that cheap glory, which attaches to mere military show. Although an officer, and one of the initiated, he had too much

good sense to be caught by title-baits. His ambition was not for such small game. He very willingly served out a term in our peaceful militia, without once seeking promotion. 'Men,' he avers, 'came in below and went out above him; ensigns became colonels, and lieutenants generals, but he remained the same. It was hard work for him to *escape* promotion, but he was resolute.' He finally resigned, with a large number of sensible fellow officers, amidst a shower of newspaper panegyrics, in the inflated military phrase of the day. It is for such 'general,' 'colonel,' and 'captain'-ships, as these, which the public have come to regard, as we hope, with sufficient contempt, to put a summary end to the passion for illegitimate and ridiculous military distinctions, which have hitherto been so much in vogue.

THE 'COCKNEY CORONATION.'—There is 'liberty of the press,' in abundance, in London, and not a little licentiousness, also. At any rate, there is a fearlessness, in some of the newspapers, that shrinks at nothing. When half Europe and the whole British metropolis were ringing with the gorgeous ceremonies of the coronation of QUEEN VICTORIA, one of the journals presented one of the most laughable burlesques of the whole affair, which we ever remember to have read. The entire series of ceremonies and processions were taken up in order, and travestied, in ludicrous detail. The initial movements are thus recorded:

'Precisely at seven o'clock, her Majesty was taken out of the royal bed, and nicely washed, and combed, and curled. At eight o'clock, she was encased in a clean pinafore, and a pair of bran new red morocco shoes were placed upon her little feet; after which, her breakfast, consisting of a beautiful bowl of bread and milk, was given to her, and as her Majesty was soaking a piece of state bread in the basin, Lord Melbourne was heard to say, that her Majesty never looked more lovely. At ten minutes to ten o'clock, a squib was let off in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, to announce that the procession was ready to start; and before the clock over the stables at the back of the Palace had ceased to strike the hour of ten, the procession began to move.'

Among the materials of the procession, we find the following, mixed up with other grotesque selections, in the most laughable juxtaposition: We are told that a knowledge of the peculiarities of some of the personages mentioned, adds greatly to the effect of the burlesque:

'Lord Melbourne, swinging on a slack-rope, in a caravan lent for the purpose;

An old woman in a red cloak;

Two stout coal-heavers, with short pipes;

The Right Hon. Lord Mayor of the City, in a horrid state of inebriation;

Two old women sucking oranges;

Sir Charles Wetherell, in a new pair of pantaloons;

The Editor of the Court Circular, in his robes, half drunk;

The Editor of the Times, in his robes, quite drunk;

A very stout Irishman carrying a hod;

A Jew with sealing-wax;

Sixteen boys, in nankeen trowsers;

The wig of the Lord Chancellor, on a pole, carried by Lord Brougham;

The Laughing Hyena, from the Zoological Gardens;

A Jew with slate pencil;

Lord John Russell, mounted on a Jackass;

Old gentleman in a bed-gown, night-cap carried by a pot-boy;

A Jew with oranges;

A dray-horse from the London Brewery, with a nose-bag; his tail carried by a page,

et cetera, et cetera. The performances at Westminster Abbey, in the 'regale-her,' terminate as follows:

'With her mother and her home secretary, her Majesty, suffused in tears, was conducted to the Coronation chair, where the Archbishop of Canterbury rubbed away like a good un at her head, with lamp oil, and the bye-standers asked if any thing was the matter with her Majesty's upper story. No sooner was her Majesty's head made dry, than a pair of silver gilt spurs were clapped upon her royal heels, and the male and female nobility immediately next her sacred person, gave way, believing that her Majesty might take it into her head to ride about the Abbey, cock-horse, in which case, if they remained, they would stand the chance of receiving more kicks than half-pence. The treasurer of her Majesty's horse next advanced with the crimson bag containing the duplicates, out of which her Majesty took one and redeemed the sword of justice. This done, her Majesty knelt at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Grace, embracing her, hung round her august neck a string of sausages. The muffin was next placed in her hand, and blessed, the palm of her hand being crossed with a couple of shrimps; a red herring was next held beneath her gracious nose, and lastly, she took a thundering swig at a pot of porter, in so elegant a manner as to excite

the admiration of all present. While her most gracious Majesty was taking her fill, the Archbishop of Canterbury sucked at the barley-sugar; the Lord Bishop of London ate a beef sandwich; the Duchess of Kent bolted a water cress; the Duke of Wellington pocketed a radish; the Marquis of Westminster nibbled the cheese; and the squibs and crackers in the parks proclaimed to the populace without that the 'raree show' was over.'

We can imagine, we think, with what gusto a noisy London populace, on a gala day, with a double capacity for fun and drink, must have received this programme of the royal procession, for an American copy of which we are indebted to that clever sporting, theatrical, and literary weekly journal, the New-York 'Spirit of the Times.'

EARLIEST EDITION OF THE 'PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.' — What would you not give, reader, to be able to say with us, that you had seen a copy of the earliest known edition of the 'Pilgrims' Progress,' 'that curious book of BUNYAN's,' with its uncouth typography, and its rude wood-cuts, reflecting little credit upon the 'printing-house' of 'NATH. PONDER, at the Peacock in the Poultry, over against the Stocks-Market,' and still less upon the art of celature, in those days of old? What an Apollyon Christian has here to encounter! No marvel he was dismayed, if this picture is 'from the original portrait.' The lions 'that were in the way,' look like centaurs, and the 'delectable mountains' any thing but beautiful. But the matter is the same. That is indeed delectable. How many millions have gone down to darkness and the grave, since the pages before us were printed, strengthened thereby to pass calmly through the dark valley, and over the last river, as did Christian and Faithful, and rejoicing in the hope of walking like them with the 'shining ones,' amid the glories of the celestial city! Bunyan was at once the Socrates and the Franklin (or Peter Parley,) of religious authors. The inward sunshine which dissipated the gloom of his prison, beams throughout his works, and his style was the perfection of its class. How well we remember the first perusal of the 'Pilgrims' Progress!' Next to Webster's Spelling-Book, and the Bible, it was the first volume we ever devoured. Never was such a favorite. We remember, even now, 'the topography of its blots and dog's ears,' and its thousand defacements, of margin and text, from long use, and the soilings of thumb-and-finger upon its coarse pictures, especially the popular ones of the Hobgoblins, and Christian's escape from 'Doubting Castle,' what time Giant Despair stood powerless and scowling in his door, with his 'grievous crab-tree cudgel,' no longer terrible, upraised in his faltering hand. The good biographer of the pilgrims was accused, it should seem, of plagiarism, after the publication of the first edition, to which charge he replies in verse:

'It came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled;
'Then to my pen, from whence immediately
On paper I did dripple it daintily.'

We see mention made, in an advertisement contained in this volume, of other works of BUNYAN which have not, to our knowledge, floated down the tide of time to this godless generation. Who has ever read 'The Life and Death of Mr. BADMAN, presented to y^e World in a Familiar Dialogue between Mr. WISEMAN and Mr. ATTENTIVE, by JOHN BUNYAN?' — or his 'Book for Boys and Girls, or Country Rhimes for children?' If any of our readers possess a copy of either of these works we crave the pleasure of its perusal. Reading and writing did not come by nature, we perceive, in the days of Bunyan. One calls the attention of the London public to his 'copy-book, enriched with great variety of the most useful and modish hands, adorned with a whole alphabet of great letters, composed of divers new-devised knots, and beautified with many other curious shapes and flourishes, fitted for the profit and delight of ingenious youth, and peradventure not heretofore practised in any other copy-book; together with practical writing, or round hand, now in use, whereby any youth may attain unto this commendable hand, with great delight and ease.' What an elaborate fuss about a small copy-slip!

SAMUEL SLICK.—A second series of 'The Clock-Maker, or the Sayings and Doings of SAMUEL SLICK, of Slickville,' has just been issued, in a volume of some two hundred pages, by MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. It is to the full as lively and entertaining as the first, which acquired such general popularity, both abroad and at home. We are compelled to limit our numerous selections to a single extract, describing an 'oily man of God,' who cared more for the fleece than the spiritual welfare of his flock:

'I recollect when I was last up to Albama, to one of the new cities lately built there, I was awalkin' one mornin' airly out o' town to get a leetle fresh air, for the weather was so plaguy sultry I could hardly breathe a'most, and I see a most splendid location there near the road; a beautiful white two-story house with a grand virandah runnin' all round it, painted green, and green veranitions to the winders, and a white palisade fence in front, lined with a row of Lombardy poplars, and two rows of 'em leadin' up to the front door, like two files of sodgers with fixt bagonuts; each side of the avenue was a grass plot, and a beautiful image of Adam stood in the centre of one on 'em; and of Eve, with a fig-leaf apron on, in t'other, made of wood by a *native* artist, and painted so nateral no soul could tell 'em from stone.

The avenue was all planked beautiful, and it was lined with flowers in pots and jars, and looked a touch above common, I tell you. While I was astoppin' to look at it, who should drive by but the milkman with his cart. Says I, stranger, says I, I suppose you do n't know who lives here, do you? I guess you are a stranger, said he, ain't you? Well, says I, I do n't exactly know as I ain't, but who lives here? The Rev. Ahab Meldrum, said he, I reckon. Ahab Meldrum, said I, to myself; I wonder if it can be the Ahab Meldrum I was to school with to Slickville, to minister's, when we was boys. It can't be possible it's him, for he was fitter for a State's prisoner than a State's preacher, by a long chalk. He was a poor stick to make a preacher on, for minister could n't beat nothin' into him a'most, he was so cussed stupid; but I'll see any how: so I walks right through the gate and raps away at the door, and a tidy, well-rigged nigger help opens it, and shows me into a'most an elegant furnished room. I was most darnted to sit down on the chais, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and vases, and lamps, and pictures, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a museum a'most, it was filled with such an everlastin' sight of curiosities.

'The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin'-gound, and carryin' a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the unexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin'? If you'll gist throw open one o' them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble of axin' names. I know who you be by your voice any how, tho' it's considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I, what's left o' me at least. Verily, said he, friend Samuel, I'm glad to see you; and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, and my good friend your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must now be ripe-full of years as he is full of honors. Your mother, I think I heerd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are atthinkin' on, or than I have to spare; there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho'—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy.

'Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, says he; open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I, none o' your nonsense then; show me into a room where I can spit and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without admagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes: in fact I do n't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'. Sam, says he, atakin' hold of my hand, you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealin'. I can trust you I know, but mind—and he put his fingers on his lips—mum is the word; bye gones are bye gones—you would n't blow an old chum among his friends, would you? I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as I do a nigger. Come, foller me, then, says he; and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, furnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books and pipes, and cigars, pig-tail and what not. Here's liberty-hall, said he; chew, or smoke, or spit as you please; do as you like here; we'll throw off all resarve now; but mind that cursed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—do n't talk too loud.

'Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old Hunks—(it made me start, that he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I would n't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin' I know.)—when old Hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em too with pleasure. Well, Ahab, says I, I do n't gist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might gist as well a'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. A hem! said he so loud, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a grand one it was—tea and coffee and Indian corn cakes, and hot bread and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; presarves, pickles, fruits; in short, every thing a'most you could think on. You need n't wait, said Ahab, to the blacks; I'll ring for you, when I want you; we'll help ourselves.

'Well, when I looked around and see this critter alivin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly, for he was thought always, as a boy, to be rather more than half onder-baked, considerable soft-like. So, says I, Ahab, says I, I calculate you're like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garrat-winder, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so, Sam? said he. Why, says I, you always seem to come on your feet some how or another. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it here; that's a fact, and no mistake (the critter had three thousand dollars a year), how on airth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had ataken up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit, it does capitially,

that's sartain. Why, says he, if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, says I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blart out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that, I guess. Well, says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar—the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine; I gist soft sawder the women. It 'taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical—he'll laugh like any thing. They are the forred wheels, start them, and the hind ones feller of course. Now it's mostly women that 'tend meetin' here; the men-folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable regular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I gist lay myself out to get the blind side o' them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swaller. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widdier's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgiving disposition—(the Lord forgive me for saying so, tho,' for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over, and looks all healed up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot ag'n, and see how cute their memory is)—their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministrin' angels—I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always—then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, the ladies do, and Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron are amazin' favorites; they go down much better than them old-fashioned staves o' Watts.

'Oh woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.'

If I did n't touch it off to the nines, it's a pity. I never heerd you preach so well, says one, since you was located here. I drew from natur', says I, a szez'n' of her hand. Nor never so touchin' says another. You know my muddle, says I, lookin' spooney on her. I fairly shed tears, said a third; how often have you drawn them from me? says I. So true, says they, and so nateral, and truth and natur' is what we call eloquence. I feel quite proud, says I, and considerable elated, my admired sisters—for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues? I must say I felt somehow kinder inadequate to the task, too, I said—for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'.

'When I left 'em I heard 'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feelin' man, a sweet critter, a'most a splendid preacher; none o' your mere moral lecturers, but a rael right down genuine gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars produce, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular, he should remain single, for then the galls all have a chance for him; but the moment he marries, he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then; you may depend it's gone goose with him arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters. And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down atradin' with the benighted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. *The road to the head lies through the heart.* 'Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess, said I; and if you do n't travel that road full chissel, it's a pity.'

The publishers should have had more regard to the externals of paper and printing, in this little volume. Both are indifferent.

PORTRAITURE.—Having heretofore called the attention of our citizens to the merits of Mr. C. G. THOMPSON, a young and gifted artist, then newly arrived among us, it affords us pleasure to state, that the predictions which we ventured in his behalf, have been amply sustained by his continued improvement and success. Among his more recent efforts, is a full-length portrait of Rev. CYRUS MASON, of the New-York University. The likeness is striking, and the position, lights, etc., boldly chosen, and effectively rendered. The subject is clad in his clerical robes, and is in the act of speaking, with one hand on a book, and the other extended, and felicitously arrested, in mid-motion. The back-ground is chaste and imposing. A massive Grecian column, in admirable relief, supports a rich drapery of silk. The head stands clearly out against an opening of the sky, as if after a gentle summer shower; the hands are well drawn and finished. The minor adjuncts, the table, with its covering of rich purple velvet, the books upon it, the Persian carpet, etc., are well depicted. In the accessories of his pictures, Mr. THOMPSON exhibits good taste, and graceful execution. Another portrait, of a distinguished lady, which we saw at the studio of our artist, in the University, may be mentioned as in point. The back-ground is an Italian twilight scene, bounded by a distant view of mountain and lake, relieved in the fore-ground by an Etruscan vase, surmounted with a mythological figure. The chair is an elaborate antique; and on the left of the picture, an ornamental staircase, with statuary, opens down upon a near river. A correct eye, refined taste, and continued study, will win for this artist a high and enduring reputation.

MR. CATHERWOOD'S PANORAMAS. — We have already briefly alluded to the panorama of Jerusalem, near Broadway, in Prince-street, but are again impelled, by a desire that the reader may share with us the great pleasure to be derived from this superb specimen of art, again to call public attention to the exhibition. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this country. The illusion, from the correctness of the drawings, the natural coloring, and the immense extent of a complete and boundless horizon, is *perfect*. Aside from its value, as an elaborate picture of modern Jerusalem, 'and all the country round about,' the sacred associations which it continually awakens, in all its points, are of the most interesting character. There, in the beautiful language of a gifted daughter of song :

'Judea's mountains lift their voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught,
And favored Olivet, so oft
In midnight's prayerful vigil sought;
And Kedron's brook, whose liquid wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

'And sad Gethsemane, whose dew
Shrank from that moisture strangely red,
Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed :
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like an unanswering lamb he bore.'

The panorama of the Falls of Niagara, in the same edifice, will soon give place, as we learn, to an accurate and beautiful picture of Mexico.

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR. SIMPSON. — Arrangements are making to give a complimentary benefit to Mr. SIMPSON, of the Park Theatre, in the course of the present month. We unite cordially in this testimonial to one who has not only 'done much to sustain the character of the drama among us,' but who has also, by his upright character as a gentleman, and his excellent qualities of head and heart, won the respect and esteem of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, in private life. If but a moiety of his friends find admission to the establishment over which he has so long and so successfully presided, on the occasion to which we have alluded, the house will be filled from pit to dome.

THE DRAMA. — The dramatic season opens brilliantly, and we shall keep the reader advised, with the aid of our accomplished dramatic reporter, of every thing worthy of especial mention, at the different establishments. At the PARK, the ever-welcome and never tiresome POWER, the very soul of nature and of humor, has already made his bow. He brings out a variety of new plays, written expressly for him. He will be followed by Mr. and Mrs. MATTHEWS, (late Madame VESTRIS,) and other eminent performers. Two new pieces, by the accomplished and successful Brothers SARGEANT, are also soon to be brought out at the Park. The National opened with FORREST, who is to be succeeded by Miss SHIREFF, Mr. VANDENHOFF and daughter, and several other 'stars' of magnitude. BOOTH is drawing crowded houses at the OLYMPIC, and the 'little FRANKLIN' is succeeding beyond past example, under the judicious and liberal management of Mr. DINNEFORD.

NATIONAL DEFENCE. — We ask attention to the article upon this theme, in the present number. The subject is one of vast importance. National strength is indispensable to the preservation of national independence and character. What would Great Britain have been, had she adopted temporary expedients, in this matter, and given ear to hesitating and timid councils? Would she have been, as now, the only shield in Europe between liberty and despotism? Or is it not reasonable, rather, to suppose, that she would long ago have been a mere degraded province of France?

EPIGRAM. — Some facetious paragraphist, in a sister city, having publicly stated that the pretty little song of our friend Colonel MORRIS, of the 'New-York Mirror' weekly journal, entitled 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' had been translated into a dozen foreign languages, another wag has responded to the joke, in the following epigram, which is very clever, yet hints at fractures of old Priscian's scone, which, we have pleasure in stating, the author of the song in question did not make :

'In German, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek,
'T is said that 'Woodman, Spare that Tree' is sung:
Oh that some learned philologist would seek
To give it to us in the *English* tongue !'

There is an old song of THOMAS CAMPBELL's, which, as well as CHORLEY's 'Brave Old Oak,' so admirably sung by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, has often forcibly reminded us of the original theme of the above epigram. It is entitled 'Woodman, Spare that Beechen Tree,' and is a petition in behalf of an aged beech, that it may be left to stand where it has stood so long sheltering playful childhood under its boughs, hearing the 'vows of truth and rapture, from youthful lovers, and bearing upon its venerable trunk 'many a long-forgotten name,' once carved there in the light-hearted gayety of boyhood. We scarcely remember any lines of CAMPBELL more pathetic and beautiful.

'MAD DOG! MAD DOG!' — Many a noble and generous animal has fallen, in this metropolis, since Sirius'gan to rage, the present season, and full many along with them, doubtless, who richly deserved their fate — vicious dogs, and 'dogs of low degree.' Hydrophobia demands severe measures of prevention, since its cure is yet a desideratum. A fine or tax, however, on all unmuzzled dogs, at large during the dog-days, would be a more humane, and we should think equally effective, method of keeping them secure from doing or receiving harm. Some years since, we remember, a petition was presented to the Vermont legislature, to lay a general tax on dogs; whereat a friend to the canine race evinced his regard for their interests, in the subjoined squib, which contains a pleasant satire upon those politicians whose principles are the most convenient thing about them :

'TO MY DOG JOWLER.

'JOWLER! they've taxed you, honest friend,
Assessed you, put you on the roll;
To exile every dog they'll send,
Unless some friend will pay his poll.

'By all that's good! the rascals meant
'T ween you and me to breed a strife,
To drive you into banishment,
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

'But, Jowler! do n't you be alarmed,
If politicians do neglect you,
For all their tax, you shan't be harmed —
I love, and honor, and respect you.

'But taxes, says the constitution,
Convey the right to represent,
So dogs, by this same resolution,
May, just as well as men, be sent.

'Now dogs, and men, and voters, hear!
That Jowler's put in nomination,
To go, upon the coming year,
And aid in public legislation.

'Jowler, steer clear of demagogues,
Steer clear of the minority,
Take care to smell of other dogs,
And vote with the majority.'

THE 'NEW-YORKER.' — We have had occasion, heretofore, to speak of the many merits of this excellent and widely-circulated weekly journal. It is no small recommendation of the handsomely-executed quarto, that, unlike some of its contemporaries, of less merit and more pretension, it is not printed three weeks beforehand, in order to be 'out early,' but presents the latest literary selections and intelligence, an important feature with the reader. It has acquired its popularity, not by exaggerated and rever-

berated weekly puffs, or the emblazoning of cheap wood-cuts as 'engravings,' but by the industry, taste, and talent, manifested in its entire conduct. New volumes, in the folio and quarto forms, to be printed upon a new and beautiful type, are soon to commence; and we cannot do such of our readers as may desire a valuable news and literary journal, in a neat form, and at a fair price, a better service, than to commend to them a periodical from which they may derive, beside copious metropolitan intelligence, and the news of the day, rare literary entertainment and useful instruction.

'PITTSBURGH EVENING VISITOR.'—The transition from the 'New-Yorker' to the 'Visitor' is not an unnatural one; since the editor of the latter, E. B. FISHER, Esq., for some time an associate editor of the former journal, has acquired the tact, and has the ability to 'follow in the footsteps,' and to make, with his own pen and the aid of numerous correspondents, in the fresh and vigorous west, a most acceptable weekly publication. The typographical execution of the 'Visitor' is unexceptionable.

L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, FOR 1839.—We have examined an advance copy of this annual for 1839, and must express our regret, that it has been found necessary to reduce its size and price, the better to adapt it 'to the state of the times, and the demands of the public.' The engravings, with two or three exceptions, are either small bank-note vignettes, or wood engravings, which have already been printed in the columns of a weekly literary journal. 'Friar Puck,' engraved by PRUDHOMME, from a painting by CHAPMAN, is very pretty and effective, and the presentation-plate, executed in two colors on wood, does great credit to the taste and skill of ADAMS. Beyond these, save perhaps 'The first Steamboat on the Mississippi,' by CHAPMAN, the 'embellishments' do not demand particular mention. The literary contents are creditable, but not of exalted merit. We miss many old contributors, and chiefest among them, the versatile and graceful author of 'Twice-Told Tales.' The prose portions are for the most part foreign, in scene or origin. 'The White Scarf,' by MISS SEDGWICK, is a tale of the time of Charles the Sixth, and though interesting, is inferior to those of her own land, which she knows so well how to narrate; 'The Rebel of the Cevennes' is a story of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, by the author of 'Miriam'; 'Thomas Aquinas' is another French sketch; and 'Il Sasso Rancio,' by NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq., is an Italian tale. The author of 'Lafitte' has a clever imaginative sketch, entitled 'The Sacred Fire,' Mrs. SIGOURNEY one of her characteristic stories of a New-England Alms-House, S. AUSTIN, Jun., a pleasant and fanciful 'tail' of 'The Comet,' and Mons. SOMEBODY has given us a vivid picture of Cape Cod in general, and Provincetown in particular. The poetry, in the main good, is by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Rev. J. H. CLINCH, Mrs. SEBA SMITH, Miss H. F. GOULD, Mrs. OSGOOD, Mrs. H. WHITMAN, and others. BOSTON: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

DAMASCUS AND PALMYRA.—MESSRS. CAREY AND HART have published two volumes, entitled, 'Damascus and Palmyra, a Journey to the East, with a Sketch of the State and Prospects of Syria, under Ibrahim Pasha, by CHARLES G. ADDISON, of the Inner Temple,' London. The work treats of the route to the coast of Syria, by the way of Constantinople, and describes the sad state of Greece, under Bavarian misrule; the city of the Sultan, and the route thence to Sardis, together with a journey through the Grecian islands to Rhodes and Cyprus. Then succeeds a description of Syria, and its mountains, of the ruins of Baalbec, the route to, and remains of, Damascus, with the excursion from that ancient capitol of Syria, across the desert, to Palmyra, the once-famed capitol of the East, and of Zenobia. All who have read the 'Letters from Palmyra,' will derive great pleasure from the perusal of Mr. ADDISON's minute description of this magnificent 'Tadmor in the Desert.'

FOURTH OF JULY POEM.—We have received a 'Poem pronounced before the Ciceronian Club, and other citizens of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, July 4, 1838, by ALEXANDER B. MEEK, Esq. We have barely room to remark, that there is a great deal of fine poetical conception in the pages of this little pamphlet, which is occasionally marred, in its effect, by indifferent execution. Beautiful thoughts are now and then bodied forth, in lines which, but for the capital letters that commence them, would never be mistaken for poetry, in the sense of that term which includes melody and harmony of numbers, as well as the evident 'fire within.' In the main, however, it is but justice to add, that the execution, not less than the spirit of the performance, is praiseworthy. Every true-hearted American will applaud the latter quality, whether the verse, in all cases, be to his taste or not. A rapid sketch of American revolutionary history, with 'tributes to the brave who won our liberties,' and injunctions against that narrow feeling which would induce sectional prejudices, are among the prominent heads of the poet's theme. We like not the apology of the author, in the letter announcing his consent to the publication of the poem. The idea that well-regulated imaginative minds are unfitted for the business realities of every-day life, has come to be justly regarded as absurd. The strongest living examples of the falsity of the assumption, may be pointed out at this moment, both in England and America.

MEMOIR OF MRS. TAYLOR.—MR. J. S. TAYLOR has issued a very handsome volume, in 'illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the heart,' in the life and death of Mrs. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR. The author, Rev. LOR JONES, A. M., was highly favored in the subject of his narrative, and he has wrought up his materials with great skill and judgment. 'The most refined will rise improved from its perusal, and the less favored may learn from it what they may become by a whole-hearted devotedness to the duties which they owe to God and their fellow men.' A well-engraved portrait of the pious and gifted subject adorns the volume.

POEMS BY RUFUS DAWES, Esq. — A volume of poems by this accomplished scholar and excellent poet, is passing through the press, and will be published early in October. It will consist of 'Geraldine,' a poem of some eighty or a hundred pages, 'St. John's Eve, a Færy Tale,' 'Lancaster,' etc., with sundry poetical 'fugitives from justice,' some of which have already been given to the public. The work will be executed with great typographical beauty; and those who are familiar with the writings of the author, need not be told, that the inward beauty will more than 'conform' to the handsomest externals. We predict for the work ample popularity and success.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We must crave the indulgence of correspondents, whose unanswered favors are received after the middle of the month. A constant daylight toil, generally reaching, moreover, into the far night-watches — a toil which only literary enthusiasm and ambition could sanctify, or render enduring — must constitute our apology for what may seem uncourteous remissness. Single-handed labors in the original department, with the careful preparation and watchful supervision of every portion of the Magazine, (to say nothing of our little leisure taken away in tea-spoonfuls by unthinking friends, or interested bores,) make up an impetuous, turbulent life of mind, for the last two weeks of every month, which is little favorable to the calm examination of articles intended for the work. We might, it is true, obviate this difficulty, by adopting, in our literary notices, as is too generally the case, the critical *modus operandi* of small reviewers in pencil, on the margin of returned circulating-library novels, 'How beautiful!' — 'Cursed prozy!' — 'I think Pelham a dandy,' etc., and by omitting much of variety, that costs us both thought and labor; this, indeed, might we do, but the reader would scarcely be content with such cavalier treatment. We therefore choose what seems to us the least of two evils. Many communications, in prose and verse, from old and esteemed contributors, as well as several from new candidates for the favor of our readers, together with two or three books, heretofore alluded to, will receive early attention.

** ARTICLES from the pens of J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., Prof. H. W. LONGFELLOW, author of 'Outre-Mer,' 'OLLAPOND,' the author of 'The Kushow Property,' 'GRACE GRAFTON,' JUDGE CONRAD, Philadelphia, and the author of 'Jack Marlinspike's Yarn,' etc., etc., are filed for insertion.